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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE LAST THAT WAS SEEN OF THE MILITARY AERONAUTS.

The manœuvres at Aldershot, which took place last week before the King, were marred by what promises to be a terrible tragedy. The military balloon "Thrasher" made an ascent with Lieutenants Martin-Leake and Caulfeild aboard, both of the officers being experienced aeronauts. They were carried by a strong breeze towards the coast, and our illustration shows the last that was seen of them, the car of the balloon striking the sea off Brixham. Later, the balloon was picked up by a smack, empty, and it is feared that both the officers have been drowned.

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TO MOTHERS.

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Shall We Have Small Holdings?

FOR.

IT is always a fine thing to foster clear-minded, stout-hearted independence, when independence is not translated into defiance, and in the small holder we have an excellent type of the man who, while independent in spirit and position, is also working for the benefit of his country.

Who can deny that the man who has his five, his ten, fifteen, or whatever the number of acres may be, and by an intelligent, hard-working cultivation of the land maintains himself and his family, is in far more substantial and enviable circumstances than he who is the servant of a master?

This is the first aspect of the question of Small Holdings which strikes us. We feel that it must be indeed good to foster a desire among tillers of the soil to succeed in life and enjoy the whole fruits of their labour, instead of struggling dully on, with no prospect above a living wage, and, only too often, no word of recognition and no recompense for a life of toil.

But we must not limit our views of the benefits derived from small holdings to their more selfish outlook. We have to consider the good that may accrue to the country generally by encouraging the rural population to become cultivators on a large, if individually limited, scale. It is a well-established fact that farming, in its broader sense, does not pay on a large scale in this country except under unusual and highly favourable circumstances. The question of labour and the question of foreign competition have to be taken into account, and they are, as everyone knows, the cause of the present agricultural depression of this country.

With the small holder matters are altogether different. In the first place, an industrious family can make itself independent of paid labour, or can reduce that item in working expenses to a figure fitting the yield anticipated. In the second place, the success or failure of produce does not depend upon the requirements of a large market. The small holder is, in a sense,

A RETAILER WHO OBTAINS WHOLESALE PROFITS,

and he is able to do that which is beyond the power of the farmer or a market-gardener on a large scale—namely, to be a producer upon a varied basis, and one, therefore, who, even if his fancy runs in the direction of poultry, need not have all his eggs in one basket.

As has been rightly said, the aim of the Small Holdings and Allotments Bill, which is now before the Government, is not to effect a wholesale scamper "back to the land." That, to all common-sense people, is, if a desirable hope, one out of the question. We do not look to those who have fled to the town, wisely or unwisely, to return to a routine of life for which their experiment as workers in cities has unfitted them. But the ambition of those who have the future of small holdings truly at heart is to check the exodus from rural districts, to give those who are "born on the land" the means of staying there and prospering under conditions for which heredity has adapted them, and to promote the growth of a race of strong, self-reliant agriculturists, such as was once the backbone of the nation. Therefore, the wide creation of small holdings offers a grand scheme for the regeneration and repopulation of rural England.

But, up to the present, the inclinations of those who desire facilities for renting small holdings have been opposed in nearly every quarter of the country by the unwilling disposition of landed proprietors. Moreover, those who have been granted small holdings have only too frequently been

UNDER THE THUMBS OF LOCAL BIGWIGS,

who have made the condition of land tenure such that it cramped the enterprise of the small holder rather than encouraged it. Good care has been taken by grabbing landlords not only to squeeze every possible penny out of their tenants, but to grant leases and holdings under terms which effectually prevented any competition against their own interests. The attitude towards the small holder has been one of tolerance, instead of encouragement, while many cases could be cited in which small holdings have been refused point-blank to those seeking them, for reasons varying from personal prejudice to a disinclination to see landed interest broken up among the people.

These evils of the prevailing landlord-and-tenant system in agricultural districts are those at which Mr. Harcourt's Small Holdings and Allotments Bill is aimed. Under the condition of this Bill free scope is to be given to all who desire to become small holders—self-supporting, independent agriculturists and growers of market-produce. Under its benefits the tyranny and oppression of local landlords will be crushed, and the small holder will become the tenant of a "public authority," which will be unmoved by those petty local jealousies, those high-handed ways so well known to all who reside in rural districts.

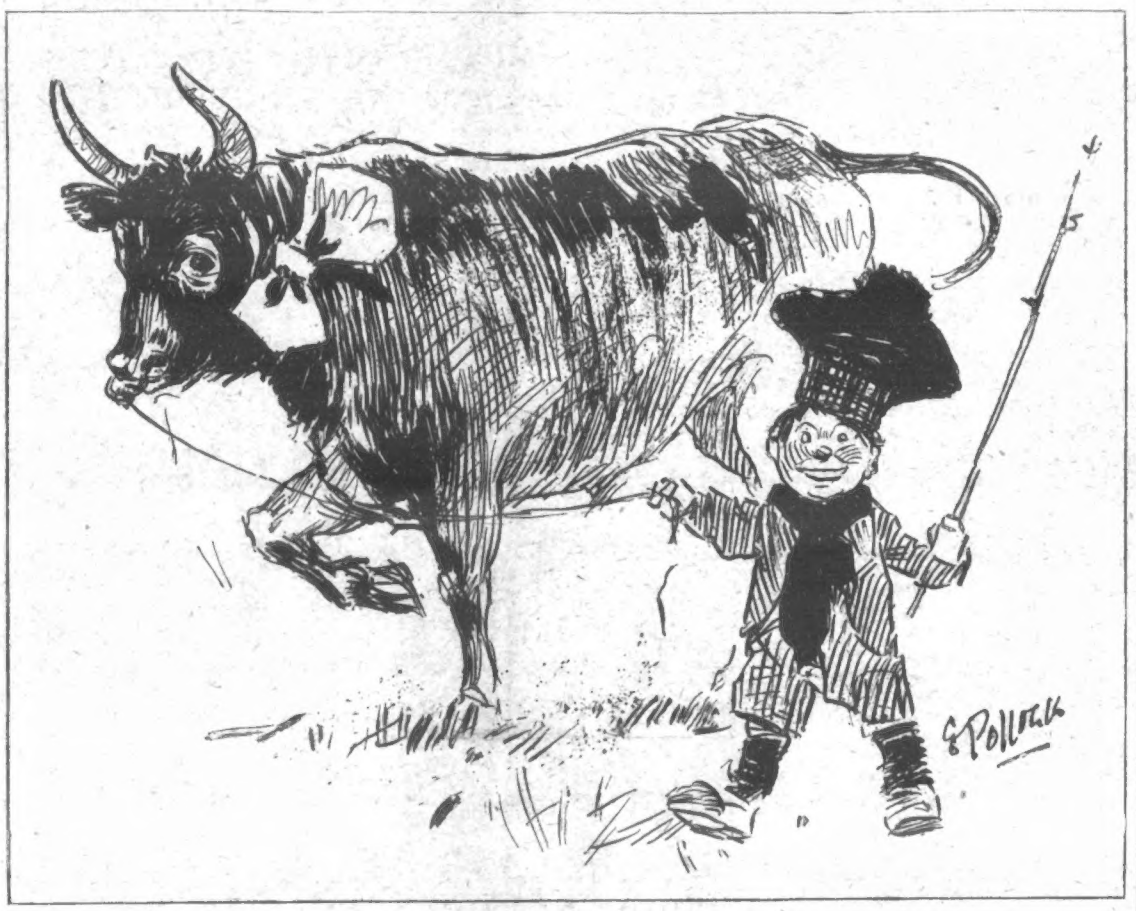
The Small Holdings Bill will, in effect, create State landlords, who have only the welfare of the tenant at heart. It will also take those deplorable "discretionary powers" out of the hands of self-centred, selfish landowners, and compel them to grant small holdings to aspiring agriculturists, no matter how unwilling they may be—except on the political platform — to lend their voices to the cry of "Back to the Land."

AGAINST.

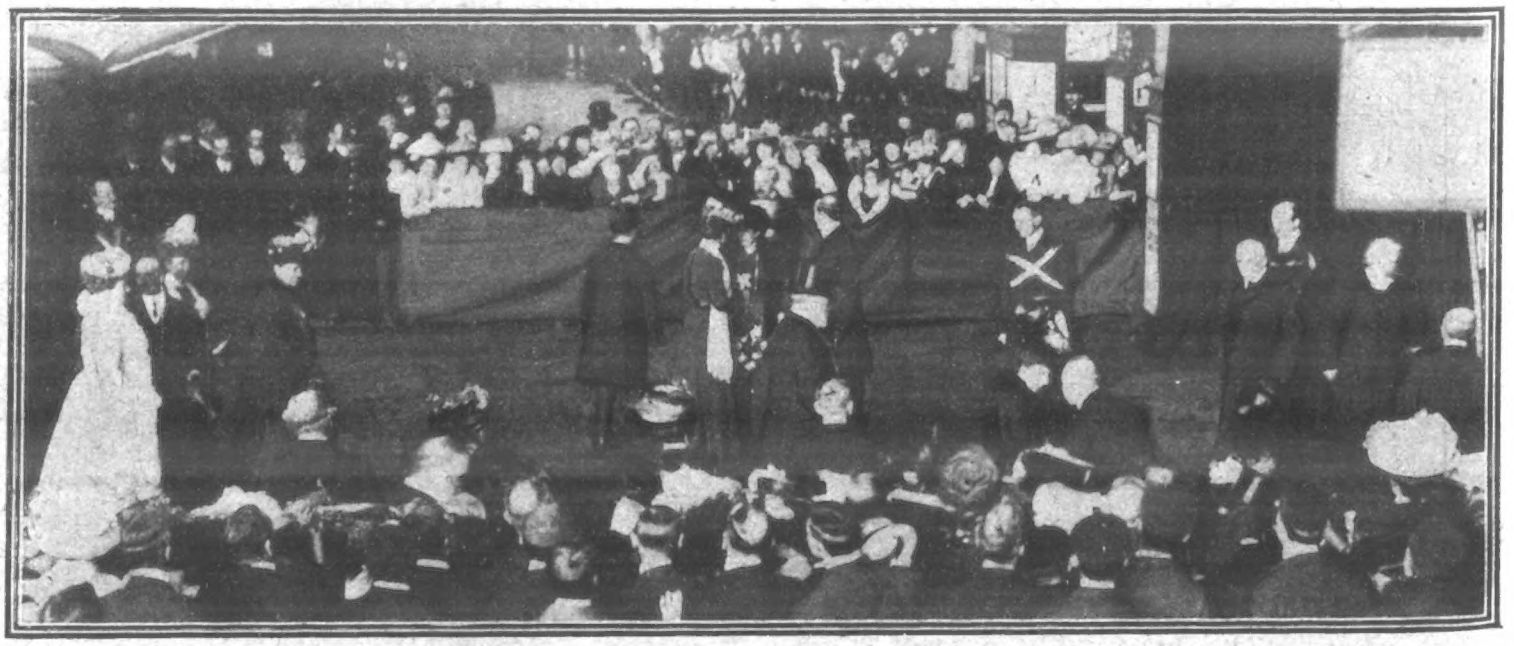
There are those who are firmly convinced that, given a patch of land, a pig or two, a score of fowls and a spade, a man will live happily ever afterwards. The exponents of this idyllic picture are known as arm-chair agriculturists.

From the depth of an arm-chair, with such handy adjuncts as make for complete enjoyment of the situation, the question of Small Holdings may present a rosy picture. Prison has been robbed of its horrors under such conditions, and men have glowed with envy at the experiences of Arctic explorers. When,

(*Continued on page 356*)



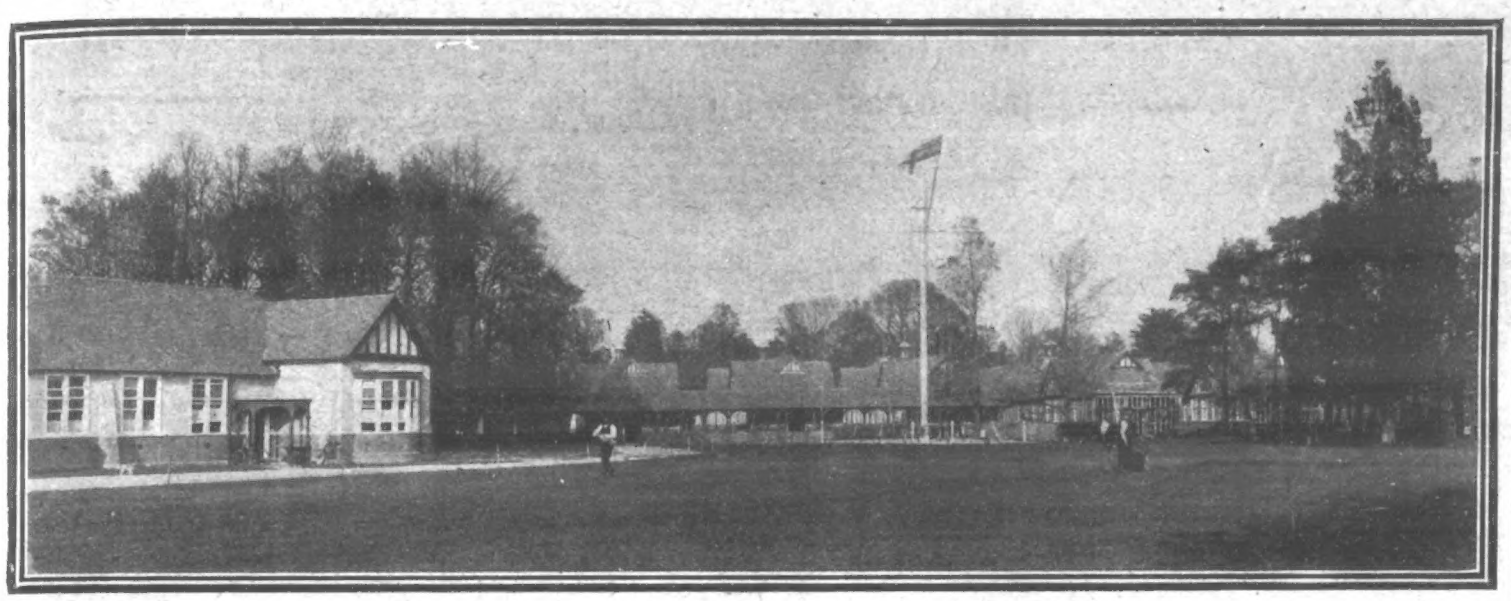
Our artist, having been instructed to perpetrate a drawing illustrative of "Small Holdings," has sent us the above. Suggestions for fitting punishments will be gratefully received.



THE RETURN OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA AFTER HER CONTINENTAL TOUR.

After a number of weeks spent abroad, Queen Alexandra has returned, looking particularly well, to England, and on Wednesday, in company with the King, witnessed the race for the Derby. The Queen is marked with a cross.

PRINCE EDDY, THE ENGINEER SAILOR.



THE NAVAL COLLEGE AT OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT,

Where Prince Edward of Wales, the future King of England, is studying the profession that has made England what it is. At this school no distinction is made for rank, and the young sailor Prince undergoes the wholesome training and discipline of a public school.

IN a fortnight's time little Prince Edward, who is making himself very popular with his fellow cadets at the Naval College at Osborne, will be thirteen years old. His birthday is on Sunday, June 23.

The education of our British Princes and Princesses grows more democratic every day. Fashions in this matter have vastly changed since the days of King Edward's childhood, and his little grandson is being treated exactly the same as any of his schoolmates.

The King was only allowed to attend the classes at Eton under the care of his tutor, and he was not allowed to mix with the other boys in their work or play. The first of our Princes to be sent to a Public School just as an ordinary schoolboy was Prince Alexander of Teck, who went to Eton, and Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duke of Coburg followed suit. Now Prince Edward has gone to school, and his brother Albert will probably follow next term.

This is due to the sensible wishes of their father, the Prince of Wales, who "roughed it" in the Navy like any ordinary officer. He took his turn in all weathers at watch-keeping, going aloft at sail drill, or going on boat-duty, and in one of his first letters home after he joined the *Bacchante* he wrote describing how he had been employed in scraping masts and booms, and assisting to re-fit upper yards.

One of the best stories ever told of the Prince of Wales in his "middy" days tells how, at a dance given in their honour at some big port, he danced with any of the girls who took his fancy, quite irrespective of their social position. At last his brother, Prince Albert Victor, who had been taking out the daughters of the chief citizens, remonstrated with him. The reply he got was, "Oh, you go and sit down and whistle God save your grandmother, and let me alone!"

Although as the Heir-Apparent he is not now allowed to take an active part in his profession, he is still just as keen a sailor as he was in the days, thirty years ago, when he joined the service.

His Royal Highness's private naval library at York Cottage, Sandringham, is one of the most perfect of its kind in the world. It contains hundreds of volumes in English, French, and German, and every important book on naval topics is added to its shelves on publication. The Prince also keeps an extensive collection of scrap-books, in which he carefully stores away newspaper cuttings on naval affairs.

Prince Eddy is madly in love with his father's profession, and is looking forward to the time when he will really go to sea. He will not be allowed to become a real sailor, however. His naval career is merely a short part of the sensible training which has been mapped out for him. "There is no better place in the world than the quarter-deck of a British man-o'-war for turning a boy into an English gentleman," said William IV., the Sailor King, and the present Prince of Wales fully endorses that opinion.

Prince Edward will probably go on a tour round the world on a battle-ship, with his brother Albert, just as his father did before him; and after that he will go to Oxford or Cambridge, and, later on, into one of the crack cavalry regiments of the Army, for he is intended to be a soldier in later life.

But he would much rather be a sailor. During the Russo-Japanese War he used to study the progress of the naval battles with his father, who also taught him how to trim sails, and make knots and hitches, and other naval accomplishments. He also had a splendid fleet of model ships to sail on the pond in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. He has been taught to swim, and is quite fearless in the water.

Although quick at his lessons, he is no more fond of them than the average schoolboy; and when he was younger he had a special hatred of mathematics, and was often punished for inattention by being made to stand in the corner. It is said that on one particularly hot summer's day he startled his tutor by saying, just as the lesson was going to begin—"I don't think I'll do 'rithmetic to-day. I think I'll go into the corner instead!"

On another occasion the Prince of Wales was delighted to find him trying to draw a picture of some ships. "Daddy, I want to be a sailor," he said. "That's right," said his father. "Daddy's a sailor, you know. So you want to be one, too?" "Yes," came the answer, "you see, I don't like doing my lessons, and it doesn't take much brains to be a sailor, does it, Daddy?"

CADET EDWARD OF WALES, WHO SHORTLY CELEBRATES HIS THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

Prince Eddy is not shy or awkward in the society of other boys, because for some years both he and his brother Albert have been allowed to play with a great many boys of their own age. When they are at Windsor, elevens are got up to play cricket with them, and they play football in the winter at Sandringham with the sons of the gentlemen living in the neighbourhood.

Osborne Naval College is an ideally situated school, standing as it does in sixty acres of finely wooded park. There are four hundred boys there, and amongst Prince Eddy's friends this term are little Prince George of Battenberg, and a son of Admiral Curzon-Howe. The cadet-captain of his dormitory is Rudolf de Lisle, whose mother is a close relative of the Duke of Fife, and a great friend of the Queen.

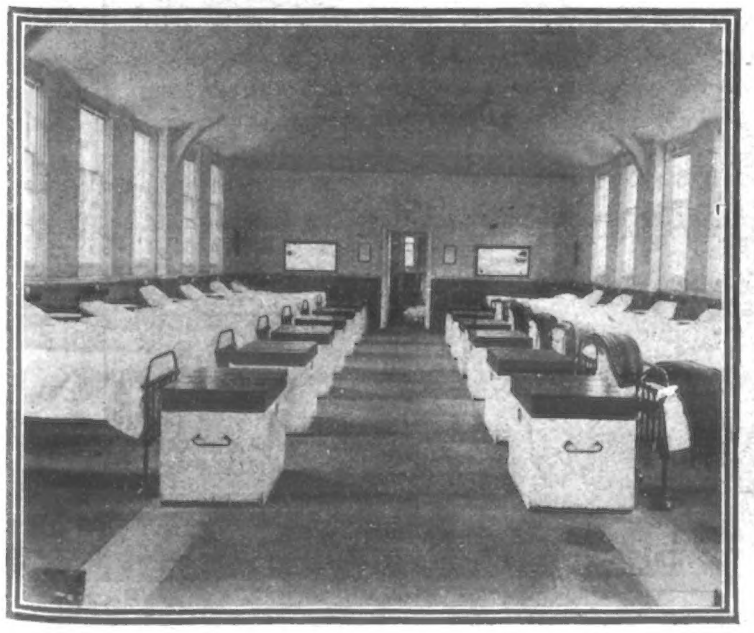
Curiously enough, although he passed his entrance examination with flying colours, he finds himself at the bottom of the list of new boys, owing to the alphabetical disadvantage of having a name beginning with "W."

The boys are called at half-past six every morning, and after dressing they have a cup of cocoa and a ship's biscuit before beginning physical drill. Breakfast is at eight o'clock, and then there is class-work until dinner.

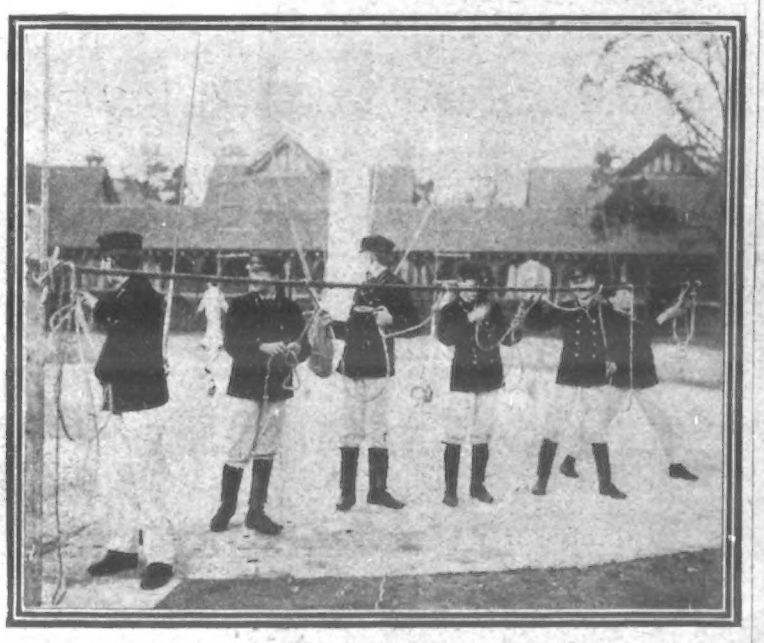
After dinner they have two-and-a-half hours for play, unless they are under punishment, when they have to do extra drill while their friends are amusing themselves. There is a very palatial "tuck-shop," which is dignified with the title of "canteen."

The most interesting place to the boys is the mechanical workshop at Kingston, about a mile from the college, where they are taught to fashion a crank-pin out of a bar of steel, shoot a file, handle a drill, and do all sorts of other useful mechanical experiments.

Like most boys, Prince Edward has probably already acquired a nick-name. If not, he will soon do so. His father used, rather foolishly, to be known as "Sprats," because he was the son of W(h)ales!



ONE OF THE DORMITORIES AT OSBORNE.



A GROUP OF CADETS AT ROPE-SPLICING DRILL.

Why the Stout . . Look Old Sooner . than Slim People.

Stout people are not always alive to the risks they run. They do not seem to know that masses of fatty matter impede the action of the heart and other vital organs with disastrous effect upon the general health. The circulation is weak, the breathing laboured, every movement is fraught with danger as well as discomfort. The skin is unhealthy and the complexion sallow. Can it be wondered at that the stout age sooner than the slim? But why tolerate it? True, the reader may have been painfully disheartened after trying some starving and drugging treatment without any good result. But then, Antipon is as different as light from dark. It is a tonic as well as a permanent fat absorbent, *destroying the tendency to over-fatness*. It promptly eliminates all the superfluous internal and subcutaneous fatty matter, and at the same time strengthens and reinvigorates the whole organism by requiring the subject to eat well. There are no disagreeable food restrictions. It gives tone to the digestive system, increases appetite, and perfects digestion. Thus, the body is brought back to normal health conditions, while beautiful proportions are being rapidly restored. From 8 oz. to 3 lb. is taken off within a day and a night of first dose; then a steady daily reduction sets in until all the desired results are *permanently* attained; the doses may then be abandoned. After such a rational and beneficent course of treatment the stoutest person will look and feel years younger. As an eminent doctor said recently, Antipon gives one a new lease of life. Antipon is a pleasant and harmless liquid, containing none but pure vegetable ingredients. It is not in any way discomforting, and may be taken at any hour without fear of disagreeable after-effects.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had—on sending amount — post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

For health, strength, comfort and an elegant figure take

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Antipon

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

PRICE 2/6 & 4/6

Fatness & Short Life

"Fat persons who neglect to adopt some means of reducing their bulk should be reminded that they are deliberately sacrificing their health and shortening their lives. The vital organs, hampered by the excessive fatty deposits, are rendered incapable of performing their various functions in the way that they should, and all sorts of ailments are the inevitable consequence. But the means adopted must be scientific, rational, and wholesome, or the remedy may prove worse than the disease. The body must not be reduced by any old-fashioned starvation or drugging régime, but must be strengthened and revitalised during the reducing process. This double duty is admirably performed by the pleasant and harmless Antipon treatment, within twenty-four hours of commencing which a decrease of from 8 oz. to 3 lb. is the result, followed by a pleasing diminution day by day until correct weight and proportions are restored, when the doses may cease. It will be found that fatty excess will no longer cause trouble, because Antipon permanently overcomes the ***tendency*** to grow fat. As to the strengthening effects of the treatment, Antipon, being a valuable tonic, has a strikingly beneficial effect on the whole digestive system increasing appetite, and promoting good digestion. Thus the subject may enjoy plenty of wholesome food (there are no unpleasing restrictions as to diet) without interfering with the gradual fat absorption brought about; muscular strength and nerve force are restored, together with beauty of figure. That is the whole treatment, and it has brought letters of thanks from hundreds of men and women in all parts of the globe. Antipon is a refreshing liquid which contains not a particle of any mineral or other injurious substance. It is neither aperient nor the opposite, and has no disturbing after-effects whatever.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in case of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), post free, and privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, 13, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

THE JAPANESE INVASION OF THE WORLD.

Photos. Campbell-Gray.

Ever since the Russo-Japanese War, Japan has been coming to the front, and the race of yellow-brown men from the Far East is making itself felt in many countries. Japan has become a power. The two photographs above are of the Japanese section of the Balkan States Exhibition at Earl's Court.

SHALL WE HAVE SMALL HOLDINGS?

(*Continued from Page 354.*)

nowever, it comes to the point of practising precepts we are faced with several truths in connection with the latest brilliant scheme for dragging those who have abandoned, or are abandoning, the country-side "back to the land."

What are we proposing to do for a class which has been driven off this land because it is no longer profitable to plough it, sow it, and reap it; or to rear poultry, collect eggs, and make butter which can be sold in competition against the eighteenpenny Russian fowl, the French egg that is edible at twenty a shilling, and the Danish butter that melts in the mouth in quite the orthodox way, at one shilling a pound?

We are going to give the shrewd fellow of this class (who has already settled the problem of life himself) an acre, five acres, or fifty acres of land. We shall then call him a "small holder," and expect him to prove himself the saviour of agricultural England, the regenerator of brawny yeomen, and the happy father of families which will re-people the desolate wastes that have declined to yield any interest under the most scientific and economical cultivation.

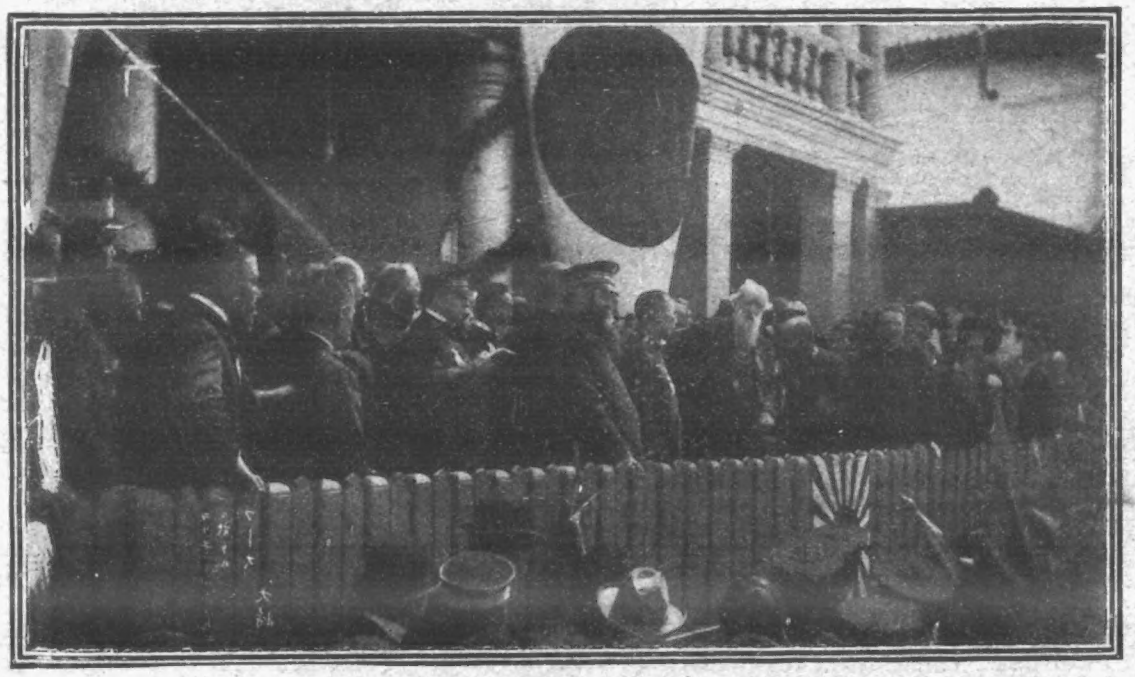
Even wider and nobler aspirations rise before our armchair and mingle with the pleasing blue wreaths from our pipe. We intend to take the unwilling landowner by the nose, and force him to cut up his acres as may seem fitting to gentlemen of the Board of Agriculture. We shall then tot up the cost of these proceedings, and send the bill in to the County Council for the ratepayer to settle. A grand and benevolent programme indeed.

But where are we to find suitable material from which to mould our practical, successful "small holder"? At the present moment agricultural England is, roughly speaking, occupied by three classes—landed proprietors who are independent of the productive value of their estates, farmers to whom existence is just possible, and agricultural labourers who find sufficient employment to satisfy their simple needs.

Men of the latter class only can expect to reap any benefit from a system of small holdings. That is to say, if the desire to become hirers of land exists at all in their minds. What are we offering them, from a hard-headed point of view? Land. Anything else? Banks for the safe custody of their savings, and possibly loans with which to experiment as agriculturists.

If it is feasible to offer any sound future to the aspiring small holder, it must be on the supposition that he has much more than an elementary knowledge of farming and horticulture. We must assume that he is a man of unbounded enterprise, undaunted courage, and one capable of battling against those difficulties that have reduced cultivation of the land to vanishing point in England.

The end has been disillusionment, failure, and sudden flight back to the towns, where there is still work for men, hard as it may sometimes be to find.



GENERAL BOOTH INVADES FOR ENGLAND.

The Grand Old Man of the Salvation Army is still proving that he has not done with hard work yet, and he is now busy with his mission to Japan. Our photographer was lucky enough to snapshot him as he was speaking from the steps of the Oriental Hotel in Yokohama.

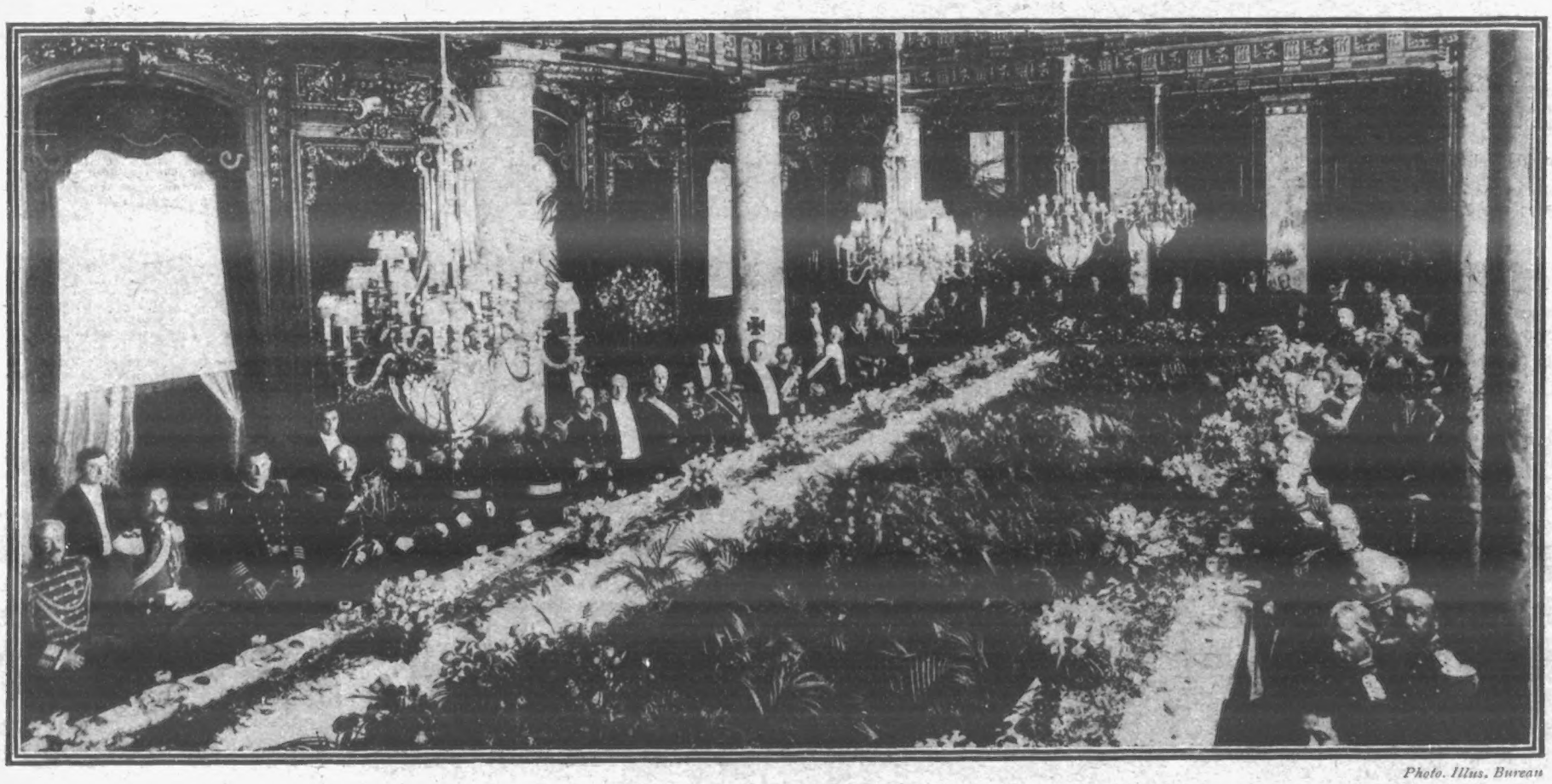


Photo. Illus. Bureau

THE INVASION OF NEW YORK.

Even the Americans, who prefer to discover rather than be discovered, have been invaded by the Japanese. Our photograph shows the great banquet held in honour of General Kuroki (marked with a cross), who is now in New York.

MISS DESPERADO.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XVIII. (*continued*).

"EXCEPT that he leaves you £3000 a year better off than you were," said Stephen Jerrold. For he knew the woman, knew that useless as it might be to appeal to her mercy or what little of common humanity might be in her nature, her cupidity was a very vulnerable part. And he asked, with shrewd intent: "Do you propose contesting this will?"

The Green Widow swiftly reviewed the situation. To defeat that will would mean placing her in the old position, entitled only to her widow's dower, leaving the Chancery Courts to ascertain the more remote heir-at-law and next-of-kin of Matthew Jerningham.

"But what," she asked, "of these frauds?", and she pointed to Marah and her mother. "Surely they are not to be suffered to go free?"

Stephen Jerrold was an old Clement's Inn prizeman; his swift grasp of points of law and equity was proverbial with all who knew him. "No," he said, shrugging his shoulders cheerfully, "they do not go at all—they simply remain—free."

"Surely they have no right here?"

"Miss Delahay, or as I think we may now call her, having regard to the last condition of the will, Miss Jerningham, has a better right here than she ever had, or, rather, the only right she ever had," said Stephen drily.

"But she came here by fraud!"

"Defrauding whom? The will speaks from the death; from the moment of the death she was beneficially interested, and she could not defraud herself. Now," said he, seizing the opportunity, "let us all sit down and face the situation; let us see if a fair and equitable settlement cannot be arrived at—a settlement that will avoid scandal and the dragging through the mire of a great name. Or, perhaps, Mrs. Jerningham, you—and for the matter of that, Miss Marah here—would prefer to avail yourselves of other assistance."

But Matthew Jerningham's widow, though Stephen Jerrold had often offended her, angered her by his bluntness of speech and candour, knew his reputation for not only sound law but absolute integrity and high honour. "Perhaps it would be just as well for you to define the situation," she said.

Felix and his sister exchanged significant glances of relief.

Snatching a hasty kiss from Marah, Felicia left the library, followed by her brother; but ere he followed Felix had whispered to Marah—"If I can be at any time of any help, you will come to me, won't you."

"How dare I? How can I?" she whispered.

"You will—you must!" he said; then followed in his sister's wake.

At Felix's suggestion Mr. Harker also withdrew, though much more reluctantly, and then, in the presence of the three women, Stephen Jerrold laid the aspect of the legal situation clearly before them, laying stress upon the fact that though one could be, under certain circumstances, indicted for destroying one's own property, as by incendiarism, one could not be for trespassing upon it. He cited precedents, including Regina v. Ring, wherein an indictment lay for attempting to pick an empty pocket; but he made it pretty clear to Matthew Jerningham's widow that she would derive no benefit, and in all probability meet with no success in proceeding against Matthew Jerningham's heiress.

"Impersonation—yes," he said, "but the person impersonated is dead; and who was injured or defrauded by that impersonation, seeing that she assumed possession of what was her own?"

And then, while the widow sat dogged and sullen, baulked of her anticipated revenge, Marah, now possessed in her right of what she had held by desperate, if at first involuntary fraud, manifested a keener appreciation of the wrong that, after all, Matthew Jerningham had done his lawful wife. And so reasonable, indeed, generous, she proved in the matter of concessions that the widow finally flung out of her heart and out of her mind all that craving for revenge which she realised must be so unprofitable.

A scheme was outlined there and then involving the obtaining due probate of Jerningham's will, the transaction of the necessary details for the assumption of the Jerningham name and arms.

Mr. Harker had determined that whatever compromise Matthew Jerningham's widow chose to enter into with his heiress, he would, if possible, put the police at work, if only upon technical grounds.

Besides, he wanted Mr. Gibson quietly, unobtrusively dealt with, being pretty well convinced that otherwise Mr. Gibson's dealing with him was only a question of time and opportunity. Therefore, at nine o'clock that night he set forth to keep his appointment with the Police Superintendent at the club in Bayminster.

And in order to avoid as much observation as possible, he proceeded an hour or so after dark upon his errand by a devious course, following a path through the shrubberies at the rear of the Manor House, along the kitchen gardens, through a little wicket leading into the glade known for centuries as "The Lady's Chase," and as he strode along through the knee-deep bracken, in the dark of the overhanging boughs, he cogitated as to the story he had to tell. It would be some satisfaction, at all events, to blazon through the countryside that this desperado of a girl had been a fraud, to be cold-shouldered by the prim society of the old cathedral city and the stiff-necked county families. And he would that night kill two birds with one stone, for he could not sleep sound at nights knowing that Mr. Gibson roamed at large, almost within gunshot.

"Yes," he whispered to himself; "come what may, it's time for Mr. Gibson—as he calls himself—The Terror we used to call him—to go back where he'll be safe, anyway, for some years—the devil!"

For the moment it seemed to him that thinking of that personage was equivalent to talking of him, anyway, it seemed the same thing with regard to Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Gibson was pretty much the same in Eli's category. And there he was, face to face with him; there was no mistaking that loose-limbed, angular, and tall, though bowed form, still less of mistaking the voice that was chuckling. "Good evening, Ferret. Tut-tut, man, what's the Ferret breathing so hard for, when he ought to be pleased to happen on an old pal, and a pal who swore never to leave him, a pal who'll be always near him whene'er he takes his walks abroad? Where are you bound, Ferret?"

"What's that to you?" snarled Harker.

And the other answered, closer to him than ever, "You know what it is to me, Ferret: it's liberty or limbo, life or death to me, you hound! Do you think I don't know where you're going, and by this long way round, on the Q.T.? You're going into the city to give me away. Don't tell lies, you dog! Old Hunter's waiting for you at the club now. But do you think I'm going to be done in like that, and by a cur like you? Not I!"

"Let go my collar! Take your hands off me! Mind what you're doing! I warn you, I've got something ready for you!"

"You have? I guessed that, you hound!"

And in a moment Mr. Gibson's hand was on Harker's wrist, and the two men were struggling silently but like tigers in the bracken, with Gibson's other hand on Harker's throat.

"You dog! You worm! You'd give me away, would you? I guessed it. Just as you gave me away that night years ago, when you blew the gaff on the plan we'd made to make a bolt of it. I swore then I'd pay you twenty shillings in the pound, and I'm going to keep my word—now! now! now! For I've played my last card up at the Manor House with that little desperado. She's bluffed me, Miss Desperado has; she's got as much pluck as I have myself.

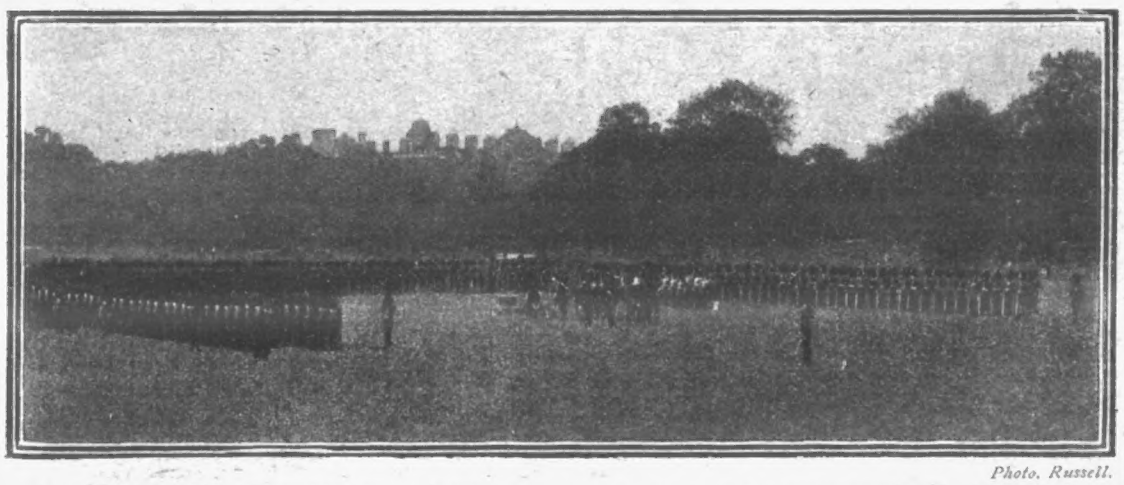


Photo. Russell.

THE KING PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE LAST WEEK.

"A thousand times more than you have, Ferret, so there's no reason now to wait longer to get quits with you, you cur! you thing! you worm!"

With every epithet he dealt the other man a blow—heavy, smashing blows that stunned as they fell. And Mr. Harker, taught perhaps by old experience, made no effort to return those blows, concentrating all effort, all nerve, all strength in grasping with the one hand left free at something—his jacket pocket—something that caught and tangled.

But at last, before the heavy blows had quite stunned and the heavy hold upon his throat had quite choked him, the hammer that had caught became free, and he drew something from his pocket, placed it, and pulled.

Bang! and a spit of fire in the dark, and Mr. Gibson with a spasmodic gasp crashed down on the man whose throat he clutched even more tightly. A moment they lay together in the bracken like two dogs fighting, and Mr. Gibson was top dog.

"You've done me in, Ferret!" he groaned. "My number's up at last. But, no; not again!" And the hand with which he had been smiting closed on something and wrenched it out of Eli Harker's clutch. "Ha, ha, ha!" he chuckled; "I bet there's another cartridge left—and there's just—time left—and strength left—Ferret."

Two more spits of fire in the dark: two more reports, sending the roosting birds fluttering up to the back branches.

"This way, lads!" cried Bob Wattles, stampeding through the fern; "the daring rapscallions, shootin' over our covers as close as this. Here! what's this?" Holding his lantern above the two forms ceasing to writhe there in the bracken, he saw they had been shooting not game, but each other, and that every shot had told.

(*Continued on page 362.*)

How Millionaires Have Made Their Money.

WISE WORDS TO READERS ON INCREASING THEIR INCOMES.

"The fortune that is built up by careful plodding from small means is the only fortune worth the having."

This remark was recently made by one of America's greatest millionaires, whose present-day income, expressed in dollars, would run into eight figures. The pleasure of seeing the banking account and the income that is started from practically nothing grow day by day until it reaches colossal proportions is a pleasure

WEYERHAUSER,
The Timber King. He could buy up a few Millionaires.

that must fascinate all. With every man and woman there is the desire to get rich, and the history of any great money-making exploit is read with avidity. Take the history of John D. Rockefeller.

Some years ago Rockefeller stood in the streets of a great American town with little more than a few cents in his pocket. He was a hard-working young man—a man to see opportunities and make the most of them. He scraped together his first few dollars, until at last he was able to use them in an enterprise in which he alone saw the glint of gold. That enterprise to-day stands as a record of commercial success. The gigantic oil trust, of which Rockefeller stands at the head, is capitalised to the extent of something like £50,000,000.

The fascinating story of the great Lipton success is not less marvellous. Starting as a grocer's assistant at a few shillings a week, Thomas Lipton saved money until, possessing a little capital, he was able to employ it in the purchase of shops and goods. To-day over two hundred shops in all parts of England bear his name, and he is recognised as one of the leading commercial experts in this country. Another great American is Mr. Frederick Weyerhauser, the timber king. It is stated that he could buy up most of our famous money kings.

Cecil Rhodes' Advice to Moneymakers.

Imagine a fortune of a billion dollars! Imagine having to one's credit at the bank the amount of £200,000,000! This income was built up just in the same way as the others, by the careful use of capital got together in days of hard work. "The great thing," said Cecil Rhodes, "is to make a start. Once you have commenced to accumulate and develop, riches follow quickly." Mr. Weyerhauser, with his first few

ROCKEFELLER,
Head of the Great Oil Trust. A Multi-Millionaire.

pounds, bought timber and sold it again. With the profit thus obtained he invested in various securities, buying and selling stock, with the magnificent result above stated.

There are many other examples that we could give of men who have known the value of money, and whose incomes to-day are testimony to the fact that money really makes money. Charles Schwab, the great steel king, Jay Gould, the railway king, J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie—all these men, with fortunes ranging from £2,000,000 to £50,000,000, have built them up by first investing the initial sums at their disposal, until they have grown into larger amounts, and then investing again.

Cecil Rhodes, one of the keenest investors of his time, believed most strongly in the adage "Money makes money, and without money it is practically impossible to do anything."

Although it is necessary to take as examples of financial success such well-known names as have been mentioned, there are thousands of other people who have amassed great fortunes by the judicious employment of capital. While some have locked up their money in "gilt-edged" securities, which are notoriously slow in bringing returns, others have employed their accumulated savings along more modern and fruitful lines, to their very great advantage.

With the science of income-making brought almost to an exactity, the capitalist with but small sums at his disposal can seize the thousand opportunities that present themselves for his acceptance. In former days, when speculation was indeed a serious risk, it was only the giant financial magnates who could build with any certainty of success; but to-day it is possible for the small investor, with but a limited amount of capital at his disposal, to control large financial interests, and obtain the benefits that may result therefrom, thus following the example of a Rockefeller, a Carnegie. It is not suggested that every person with a small amount of money at his disposal will rise to the multi-millionaire stage, but there is something more than a modest competency to be won by the enterprising and fortunate. It is not a very reasonable procedure to lock up money

J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
The Keenest of American Financiers.

in securities which, of their very nature, can but secure the smallest return on the capital invested. Many a person to-day is receiving a trifling income who, with the necessary knowledge, could easily obtain from the same capital a much larger share of this world's goods.

Money-Making Opportunities.

A great many people know nothing of the remarkable money-making opportunities that lie close to hand, and instead of developing and improving their capital, are content to allow it to remain in savings banks or securities, where the interest yield is so small as to be practically worthless. It takes an enormous amount of capital placed out at, say, 2½ per cent. or 3 per cent. interest to bring in anything like a fair income; and while risky speculation should be avoided, there are better methods of obtaining maximum results with minimum risks. But how to do these things is probably what people would like to know.

How can I make money? How can I add to my income? The reply to these vital questions is found in a most interesting and valuable book, which has recently been published, and which exhaustively and carefully explains the whole science of money-making, with special reference to the investor with small capital.

A Good Book to Read.

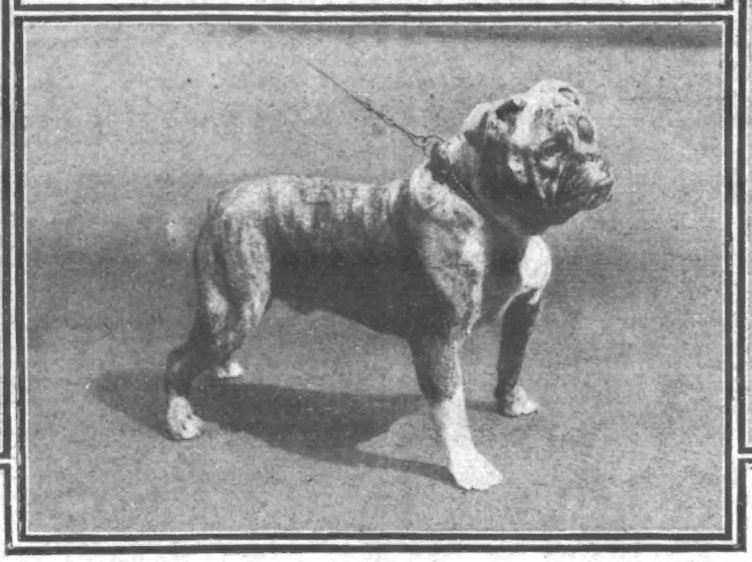
The work referred to, "The Scientific Increase of Income," which is to be given free to all interested, goes fully into the matter of money-making by modern methods, and outlines a system which has for its object the employment of small sums of money to the best advantage. It is, of course, impossible here to give full details of what seems to be a very clear and concise money-making method. Briefly, however, it is a system that has been adopted largely by most of the big financial magnates, but which has been improved upon so that the element of risk is cut down to a minimum, while the possibility for the investor is unlimited. It is not suggested that every reader of the book will become a Crœsus, but it opens great possibilities, and everyone interested should write to-day for a copy, which will be sent gratis and post free.

It is a matter of common knowledge that money makes money, and the history of finance shows what huge fortunes have frequently resulted from tiny beginnings. The value of even such small sums as £5 or £10, employed under this method, is proportionately greater than that of thousands locked away in "gilt-edged" securities. The opportunities for making money were never greater than they are now, and no one should fail to take advantage thereof.

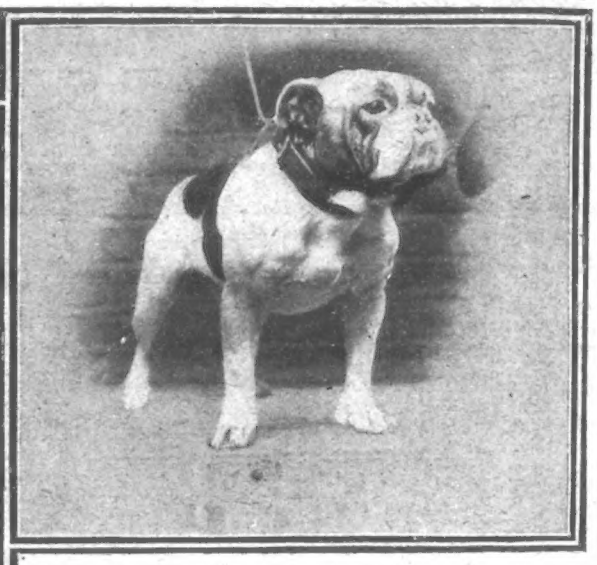
So interesting and valuable is the book referred to that arrangements have been made whereby every applicant may receive a copy absolutely free of charge, and a letter or postcard sent to-day to Messrs. Arnold and Butler (Room 279A) 124, Holborn, London, E.C., will bring "The Scientific Increase of Income" by return of post. No one, therefore, should neglect this opportunity, for as certain as "time is money," the loss of time means loss of money.

WORLD OF PASTIME.

BULLDOG CLUB SHOW: MRS. E. WATERLOW'S CHAMPION NUTHURST DOCTOR.
Two Firsts and Seven Specials.



MR. A. FERGUSON'S SCARLET PIMPERNEL.
Four Firsts and Twenty-three Specials.



LADY K. PILKINGTON'S ORESTES.
One First and Two Specials.

CRICKET.

THE dreadful weather which has so far been associated with the cricket season has to a very large extent robbed the great summer game of a lot of its natural interest. Those who indulge in field-sports want a lot of discouraging, but even Mark Tapley, cheeriest of cheery souls, would have found it difficult to keep a good heart had he been a supporter of cricket during the past month of May; and, worse still, June has opened with bitter winds and heavy rain.

"Matches abandoned" is getting quite a common headline in the cricket columns of the daily Press, and in such matches where play has been possible, the bowlers have had the field practically to themselves. However, the only thing the batsman can do is to exercise his patience, hope for better things, and wait for the runs which are sure to come under better conditions. In the meantime, the cricket has not been without some features of interest.

The South Africans are to be condoled with on having struck an unlucky season as regards the weather. They have, however, demonstrated that they are a "classy" side that will want a lot of beating by our best. Their match against Oxford University was not a great test, but it served to show to what useful purpose R. O. Schwarz has put his persistent practising of the "googlie" style of bowling. He took seven wickets for 41 runs against the Dark Blues in their first innings. He is the well-known Rugby international footballer, and an old Cantab. While resident in England he assisted Middlesex on a number of occasions.

Middlesex are going very strong, and against Sussex at Brighton they won without any trouble by 209 runs. They, like Notts, have not, up to the time of writing, tasted the bitters of defeat, and why should not the championship come their way again? For it isn't so long since they surprised the cricket world by carrying off the chief honours. They owe a great deal of this season's success to their Australians, Tarrant and Trott. The former is in splendid all-round form, and Trott lately distinguished himself by beating record with a double "hat trick."

But the championship is a long way off being either lost or won yet. Some good judges think Kent are sure to retain their title, and really their form justifies it to a large degree. They have a team of good all-round youngsters—triers every one. They have a variety of bowling that wants a lot of beating, and all of their trundlers have given evidence of being at their best, though I am sorry to say that Blythe is laid by with cold. Last Saturday Kent gained an easy victory over Northamptonshire, and in the first innings of the latter county, Blythe joined the ranks of those who have taken all ten wickets. Altogether in the match the Kent left-hander had the remarkable record of seventeen wickets for 48 runs.

However, Notts must not be overlooked, for they are doing as well as anybody at the moment; but they had to be content with a draw against Yorkshire, at Trent Bridge, owing to rain. I am glad to note that George Gunn is playing in something like his best form, and he has the distinction of being second in the batting averages. John Gunn, too, gave evidence of his powers in a grand 109 on Monday. Yorkshire had little chance of showing what they could do against the "lacemen," and, so far, have only gained 33 1-3 per cent. of the hundred points.

Tie matches are not common occurrences, and they deserve a little notice when they happen. Such a result attended the fixture between the Marylebone Club and Leicestershire at Lord's last week-end, and like most games that have a similar finish, the wind-up was not satisfactory to either side. I remember a tie match at Kennington Oval, when the last man was given out leg before. The umpire may have been right, but he was not on the list the next season.

AN AERONAUT ASKED TO MOVE.

M. Baptiste Passat has been experimenting on the roof of his house in Uxbridge Road with a novel type of flying-machine, and such large crowds have collected that the police have requested him to alter his scene of operations to somewhere in the country.

Photo. Baker and Muggeridge.

SHOWER-BATH SPRINTERS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: L.A.C. SPORTS.

A remarkable state of affairs prevailed at this meeting, the rain being so heavy that the track was flooded, and contestants were compelled to race through water.

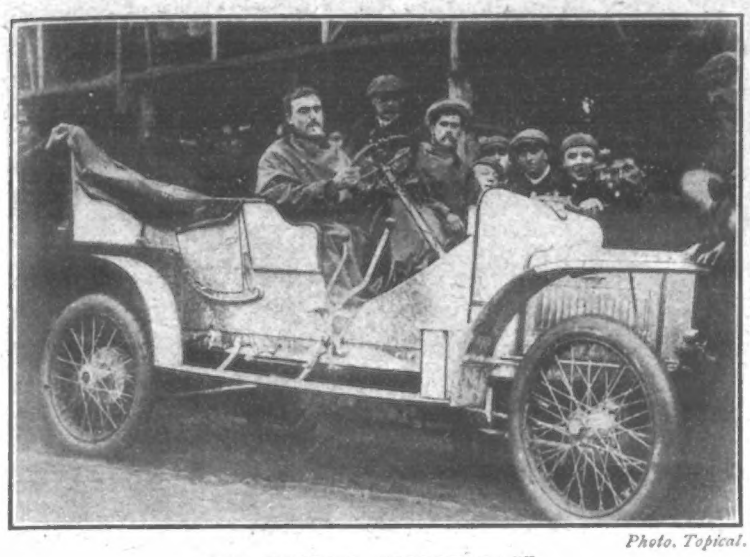


Photo. Topical.

THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE.

E. Courtis, the winner, snapshotted on his 20-h.p. Rover just after the finish.

Surrey have had to take the field without Hayward of late, and it is well for them that their programme has so far been of an unpretentious nature. Gloucestershire were easy victims at the Oval, and Surrey would probably have made short work of Cambridge University but for the weather. The Light Blues were in a hopeless position when the game was abandoned, but it must be said that the county had all the best of the wicket.

FOOTBALL.

The most momentous football meeting for many years past was the annual general gathering of the Football Association last week-end. The "revolt" of the amateurs was carried to such an extent that a split seems inevitable—in fact, the leading spirits of the dissatisfied amateurs met subsequently and decided to form an association of their own. The split is regrettable, seeing that the sport mus inevitably suffer. Strict amateurs say, and with justice, that business enters too largely into the affairs of associations and clubs.

An instance of business dominating all other interests came upon me a few weeks ago, when I was assured by a prominent League official that Fulham's first team, despite all statements to the contrary, would leave the Southern League and join the Second Division of the Football League, because it would pay them in the long run should they manage to follow in Chelsea's footsteps and get into the First Division. That prophecy—or shall I call it information?—has turned out true, for Fulham were elected at the League meeting last Friday. Moreover, from the same source comes a story that Tottenham Hotspur will follow Fulham next season!

As a "set-off" to Fulham's defection the Southern League elected a Yorkshire club—Bradford Park Avenue—to membership last Saturday. Oldham, too, were applicants for admission to the Southern body. Altogether football is topsy-turvy just now. We can only await developments.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Nothing could have been more depressing than the weather that prevailed at most of the athletic gatherings last Saturday. At Stamford Bridge, indeed, there were serious doubts as to the advisability of holding the L.A.C. second spring meeting, but the managers of the famous club are not easily intimidated, and a success was recorded despite the rain.

The 100-yards open handicap was won by A. R. D. Masters, of the Thames Valley Harriers, who had a start of 8½ yards, in 10 1-5 sec. The half-mile challenge cup for members went to K. Hellstrom, in the good time of 1 min. 59 4-5 sec. A three-quarter mile relay race, between runners under twenty-five years and over that period of age, was won by the juniors; and W. Murphy, of the Civil Service A.C., won the open long jump handicap with a leap of 22 ft. 3 in., less 15 in. allowance. In the 300-yards open handicap G. C. Wilson, Blackheath Harriers, 24 yards' start, was first man home; and a club-mate, W. Bason junior, who had an allowance of 142 yards, won the mile in the fast time of 4 min. 23 sec.

In the Inter-Polytechnic Sports at Paddington Recreation Grounds the representatives of the Regent Street institution were well to the fore. G. A. Hawkins and E. G. Kiralfy finished first and second in the 100 yards, and O. Groenings easily secured the hurdles in 17 3-5 sec. The mile flat race was won by C. A. Price, of the Borough Polytechnic, the latter beating A. L. D. Cockson in 4 min. 42 2-5 sec. C. Brooks (Regent Street) won the mile cycle race by two lengths from T. W. Hobcraft, of the Borough institution, in 3 min. 2 sec. Groenings won the high jump with 5 ft. 4 in., and he gained his third victory in the long jump with a leap of 19 ft. 11 in.

F. B. Gibbons passed the judges first in the 440 yards, his time being 53 3-5 sec.; and Brooks added to his earlier success by securing the mile cycle handicap from F. A. Shirley, of the Northampton Institute, in 2 min. 11 4-5 sec., with a start of sixty yards. The three miles flat race provided a fine contest between C. G. Holdaway and B. C. Long, both of Regent Street, the former taking first prize in 15 min. 27 2-5 sec. H. C. Bouffler was number one in the five miles cycle race, and G. E. Dearling won the half-mile flat handicap.

The Bellahouston Harriers held an important meeting at Ibrox Park, Glasgow. The gathering was chiefly notable for the fine form of R. Quinn, of the promoting club, who won the two miles walking handicap from scratch in 14 min. 46 1-5 sec., this being three seconds quicker than the old Scottish record made by himself some time ago. The half-mile western district cycle championship was won by Dan Flynn, of the Grand National; and I. Wright, of the same club, was first man home in the mile cycle handicap.

J. Findlay, of the High School, was first in the 100 yards handicap; J. Lee, of Heaton, secured the half-mile handicap, doing 2 min. dead, with an allowance of 15 yards; and James Harper, of Glasgow University, won the 220 yards.

MOTOR-FEVER IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

The children near the route of the race have been greatly interested in the contest, and we show them holding a mock motor race. Note the numbers and goggles.

Other winners were: T. Kirkwood (hammer), A. McPhee (mile flat), and J. Vallance (220 yards invitation handicap), but none of the foregoing performances were out of the common.

At the London Fire Brigade Sports at Herne Hill, there were several open events. The final of the 100 yards was won by R. Gibson, of the S.L.H., his start being 7½ yards and the time 10 sec. The 300 yards handicap fell to J. R. Hutt, Cambridge Harriers, 25 yards start, the watch recording 31 1-5 sec. In the mile, T. H. Blake was successful from the 135 yards mark in 4 min. 18 sec., and the South London Harriers team accounted for the mile relay race, their four consisting of such flyers as J. P. George, J. B. Densham, L. J. de B. Reed, and E. H. Montague. The winner of the two-mile walking handicap was E. A. Spencer, of the Polytechnic Harriers. In the cycle events, C. Jones, Catford C.C., and W. T. Dunn, Polytechnic C.C., took the half-mile and mile handicaps respectively.

P.I.P. CRICKET RESULTS.

ECCLESHALL CHOIR v. ECCLESHALL C.L.B.

Played at Wincote, Saturday, June 1, the Choir winning by two wickets. Scores—

Eccleshall Choir: P. Lees, b. Blakeman, 7; J. Lees, run out, 0; G. Lakin, c W. Foden, 1; A. Plant, not out, 1; E. Hill, b Debney, 0; H. Foden, b Blakeman, 2; R. Rowbotham, b Blakeman, 0; A. Hodson, b Debney, 1; J. Foden, not out, 2; H. King, b Furber, 0; extras, 2. Total for eight wickets, 16.

C. Wright did not bat.

Eccleshall C.L.B.; A. Blakeman, b P. Lees, 0; J. Furber, b P. Lees, 0; E. Furber, b P. Lees, 0; W. Thompson, c Lakin, b P. Lees, 2; A. Bennet, c Hill, b J. Lees, 4; E. Debney, b P. Lees, 0; J. Kynnsley, b P. Lees, 2; J. Snow, b J. Lees, 2; A. Lowe, b P. Lees, 0; W. Foden, not out, 0; S. Baker, b J. Lees, 2; extras, 3. Total, 15.

P. Lees bowled well for the winners.

ST. JAMES'S CARDIFF, v. ST. VINCENT'S, CARDIFF.

Played at Llandaff Fields on June 1, and ended in a win for St. James's.

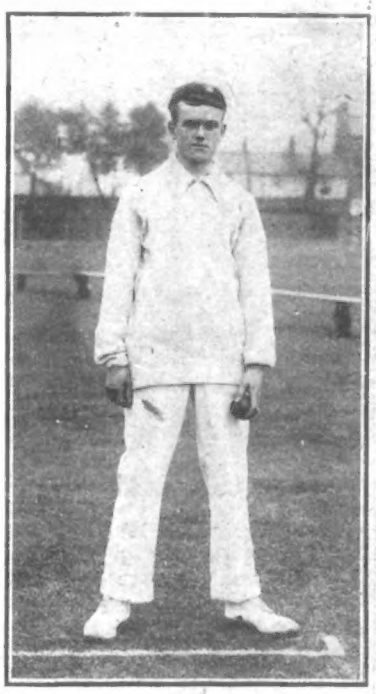
Scores: St. James's 69 for 5 wickets, and St. Vincent's 31 all out. The chief scores were: H. Tucker, 28 not out; Rev. S. Thomas, 14; L. J. Reed, 13.

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE IN THE CRICKET FIELD.

M. Dufour (who has asked permission to play in a friendly game and has forgotten to don pads). "Ah, Mon Dieu! Stop ze game; stop ze game! I am 'it! Bring me ze life-guards!"

MR. JOHN BALL,

Winner of the Amateur Golf Championship, driving.



BLYTHE, KENT'S SPLENDID YOUNG BOWLER,

Who took seventeen wickets for 48 in the match against Northamptonshire.

NOTICE TO "P.I.P." CRICKETERS.

WE are always glad to know of the doings of *P.I.P.* readers at cricket. County matches are interesting enough in their way, but we are sure that our readers would be even more interested to see in print the doings of themselves and their friends. We are therefore making all *P.I.P.* cricketers the following offer:—

We will publish week by week the results of matches played by clubs of which any of our readers are members, free of charge. All we require is that the information—full names and scores—reach us on the Monday after the Saturday on which the games have been played.

Hurry up, "Pippers," and do not lose this opportunity of having your sporting achievements chronicled.

EDNA MAY: POETESS.

DURING a recent stay at the south coast health resort of Littlehampton, Miss Edna May received a set of congratulatory verses from a local resident. She sent the following reply—

Verses so kind I feel must earn
A similar answer by return.
Your hopes and wishes I shall treasure,
Trusting that in no small measure
The health and wealth you wish for me
Accorded to yourself may be.
I shall return another day,
Yours most sincerely, EDNA MAY.

CRAIG, THE SURREY CRICKET POET,

Who follows the team round the country, selling his verses.

THE MYSTERY OF THE "THRASHER."

Photo. Bassano.

A MISSING AERONAUT: LIEUT. W. T. McCLINTOCK CAULFEILD.

AMONG THE MISSING.

AT the time of going to press no more has been discovered with regard to Lieutenants Martin-Leake and Caulfeild, the missing military balloonists, and fear has grown into something like a certainty that both have met their death—victims to the usages of War in times of Peace.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

The following official statement was issued from the ballooning headquarters at Farnborough on Thursday of last week—

Balloon Factory,
South Farnborough, Hants.

The balloon, "Thrasher" by name, containing Lieutenants Martin-Leake and Caulfeild, left Aldershot at 4.30 p.m. on Tuesday, the 28th inst.

No news was received of this balloon that evening or next morning, but no anxiety was felt, as balloon landings are often made in out-of-the-way places, from which news is difficult to send. In the course of the next day, however, telegrams were sent to ascertain whether anything had been seen of the balloon to the south and west, and in the evening the Admiralty was communicated with.

At seven o'clock this morning, the 30th, a telegram was received from the coastguard at Weymouth that a balloon had been seen at Abbotsbury, near Weymouth, descending to the sea, and immediately rising again and going off in a south-westerly direction.

No further news was received until after midday, when a telegram was received from the Receiver of Wrecks at Brixham, stating that a balloon had been picked up by a Brixham smack this morning. It has not yet been ascertained whether the officers were still in the balloon when picked up. Lieutenants Martin-Leake and Caulfeild were both experienced balloonists.

Later.

Officers were not in the balloon when found. They may have been taken off by a passing ship. It is probable from the proximity of the balloon to the land when found that they may have descended voluntarily.

Just before five o'clock on the same evening a message reached London stating that the Coastguard at the Scilly Isles had reported to Portland Bill, by wireless telegraphy, that the balloon had been picked up and that the occupants were safe. Here is the actual message—

> O.H.M.S.—Weymouth, 4.17 p.m. Received at Farnborough 4.33 p.m. "Ballooning," South Farnborough. Message received at Portland Bill by wireless from Scilly that balloon picked up, all safe.—Coastguard.

Unfortunately, this news had no foundation in fact. Exhaustive inquiries in the Scilly Isles failed to disclose the slightest trace of the officers. It is put forward as a likely theory that the officers were picked up in the neighbourhood of the islands by a passing steam-ship, which, proceeding on its voyage, flashed a wireless message to the shore telling the news, and that this Marconigram was taken to come from the Scillies themselves.

At Aldershot the general impression is that the aeronauts are drowned. Had they been rescued, it is argued, they would have found means, knowing how keen would be the anxiety respecting them, to let their friends or the authorities know of their safety.

It is contended, too, that if they had been picked up, the vessel which saved them would also have salved the balloon, and not left that and various articles in the car to the mercy of the wind and waves.

SALVING THE BALLOON.

At half-past eight on Tuesday night the coastguard at Abbotsbury, a village ten miles from Weymouth, saw a large balloon coming from an inland direction. It was travelling at a great speed before a strong easterly wind. The occupants of the car had apparently sighted the sea not far distant, and were making preparations to descend. It is suggested that they misjudged the distance, for when about a mile from Chesil beach the balloon touched the water and immediately bounded into the air again.

Captain Samuel Johnson, of the Brixham fishing-vessel *Skylark*, was fishing in the English Channel on Thursday morning when the balloon, the basket dragging in the sea, was sighted about eight miles off the mouth of the River Exe. Efforts were made to secure it, but for a long time without success. At last, however, it was got on board, when it was discovered that all that was in the car, beside the balloon appurtenances, were a military cape, a flask, a hunting-crop, a thermometer, a barometer, and a log-book.

The balloon was landed at Brixham the same day. When the balloon was found, the grapnel was hanging, and this suggests the possibility that the officers landed somewhere near the water's edge, and were unable to secure the balloon before it was blown seaward.

From the log-book which has been found in the car of the balloon it is evident that very soon after leaving Farnborough the aeronauts encountered a mist. Apparently the balloon travelled faster and in a more southerly direction than was to have been anticipated.

The officers seem to have found themselves at Dorchester when, according to their estimation, they should have been at a place some miles to the north. This would seem to explain why they missed their landing.

On Saturday afternoon the derelict balloon reached Farnborough from Brixham, whither it had been taken on being recovered from the sea. Colonel Capper, the chief of the balloon factory, carefully examined the balloon.

THE ILL-FATED "THRASHER."

The material of which the balloon is made is much torn and the netting is broken in places, but the cordage attached to the car and the car itself are undamaged. The opinion is expressed that the rents in the balloon were caused by the fishermen in hauling it into the boat. The safety-valve at the top seems in good order and was closed when submitted for examination.

GRIM RELICS.

An official from Aldershot carrying the hunting-crop, barometer, and military cape found in the car. In his right hand is the balloon's grapnel.

Lieutenant Caulfeild's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Caulfeild, were touring in Ireland, but have been recalled.

The War Office has called in the aid of the Admiralty in the search. H.M.S. *Hannibal* is cruising in the Channel, and Lloyd's have circulated a message asking captains of vessels to keep a look-out.

The King is being informed of the result of the inquiries.

CAREER OF THE MISSING OFFICERS.

Both aeronauts entered the Army in 1899, Mr. Leake getting his lieutenancy in August 1901, and Mr. Caulfeild a year later.

Lieutenant Caulfeild is a well-known aeronaut. He was on board the Hon. C. S. Rolls's balloon "Nebula," which finished third in the Aero Club's race on Saturday last, and is no stranger to adventure. Last year he fell out of a balloon and dislocated his shoulder, and just previously in the Royal Engineers' point-to-point races he was thrown from his horse and sustained a broken arm. Two years ago he broke his collar-bone, while his latest mishap previous to that under notice was to get his face severely damaged in a motor-cycle accident.

The missing officers were most popular. "They were both splendid sportsmen," said a non-commissioned officer, "and Lieutenant Caulfeild was one of the best riders across country I have ever seen. He played cricket and football with us, too, and was always enthusiastic whatever game he took part in.

"Lieutenant Martin-Leake had only been with us four months, but he had made himself one of the most popular officers amongst us. He was as keen on sport as Lieutenant Caulfeild, and both were very fond of ballooning."

The military balloons are made of six-fold gold-beaters' skin, and are usually inflated with pure hydrogen gas. The fine material used in the construction of the balloon-cover obviates a great waste of gas, so that long trips, such as that made by Lieutenants Caulfeild and Leake, are readily feasible, even in a balloon of the small capacity of 13,000 cubic feet. As a rule, the aeronauts carry material with them in the shape of zinc shavings and sulphuric acid, for the purpose of replenishing the supply for a second trip in emergencies.

Miss Desperado.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

(Continued from page 357.)

CHAPTER XIX.

Thanks mainly to Stephen Jerrold's shrewd common-sense all question of prosecuting Marah for the daring fraud whereby she had obtained possession of what proved to be her own, thanks, too, to the generosity of the terms she, in all sincerity, offered her father's widow, the latter abandoned all idea of seeking the intervention of the authorities civil or criminal, convinced furthermore that the circumstances of the case left no legal ground for such intervention.

Therefore, making the best of it, she quitted the Manor House and took up her residence at that other mansion on part of the estate although some three miles distant, content to keep the share of income that beyond the provisions of the will Marah willingly surrendered. And on these terms, content to keep also Marah's secret.

Notwithstanding, however, the assurances of her immunity from consequences, the desperado for whom all had turned out so well resolved to flee the scene of her daring unsurpation of what though it transpired to be her own, she had deemed someone else's. She wanted to be away from the Manor House, at all events for a time; above all, she wanted to be far away from Felix Wynne. She loved him—knew that she had loved him from the first, yet never had she loved him so wholly as now—now when she was feeling shamed and abased in his eyes as in her own.

It was, indeed, nothing to her that she was immune from the talons of the law, that the broad lands, the ancestral mansion, town house, the mining rights and royalties and the accumulations of fortune were all her own, by right as well as by possession. All these things counted nothing and weighed nothing in her sight against the soul-abasing consciousness that Felix knew—Felix, her Galahad, and Felicia, his sister, pure of heart and soul, incapable of evil. So, having arranged for the closing of the great house, leaving all control in the hands of wise and loyal Stephen, Marah, accompanied by her mother, set out for her journey. Once again exiles, but not outcasts—wanderers of wealth, pilgrims in luxury. She could not even bring herself to look Felix or Felicia in the eyes again, even to say good-bye. And when at last she crossed the gangway from the shore of England to the ship that was to bear her to far-off lands, she breathed a sigh of thankfulness that she had been spared the ordeal of withering in the light of his clear, honest eyes.

A voice whispered in her ear, "Marah!"

Turning with a cry she looked into those very eyes. But they were aglow with light so tender and so loving that she could not break away from his encircling arm, though turning her face away, she murmured.

"Felix, let me go, let me go; far, far away from home and England."

"Yes, yes," he answered; "you shall go, but not alone. We will go together far away from the scenes of sorrow, and in far lands we will forget the bitter past, in new scenes seek new joys, live happier hours and days—if you will, years—returning only when, in the memory of a golden sunshine that shall have come between, we have forgotten the clouds of sorrow and of darkness lying beyond them."

And Marah loved him so she could not say him nay.

THE END.

Photo. Bassano.

ONE OF THE MISSING: LIEUT. T. F. MARTIN-LEAKE.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

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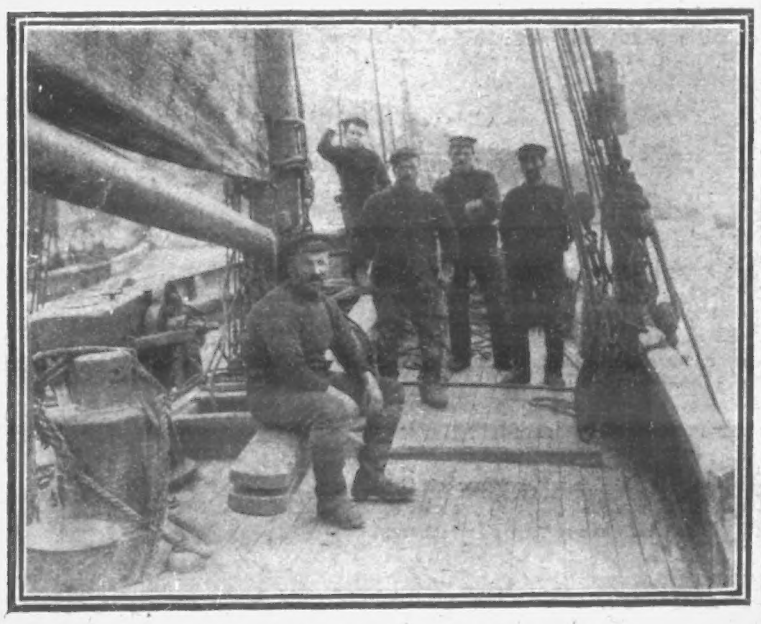
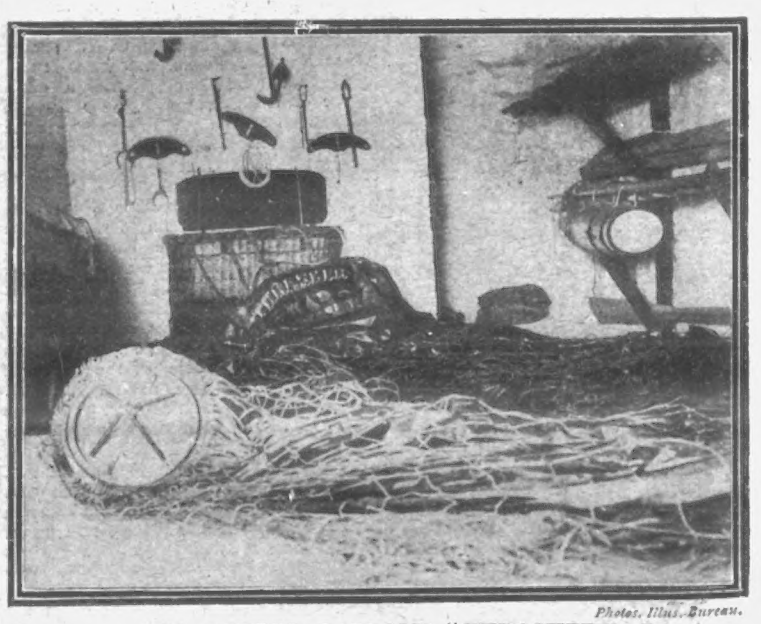


THE MEN WHO FOUND THE DERELICT.

The captain and crew of the smack "Skylark," who sighted the balloon and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in hauling it on board.



Photos. Illus. Bureau.

THE SALVED BALLOON "THRASHER."

It was found on examination that the silk of the balloon was much torn, but it is believed that this was done in the salving.

PICTURES & PEOPLE OF INTEREST.

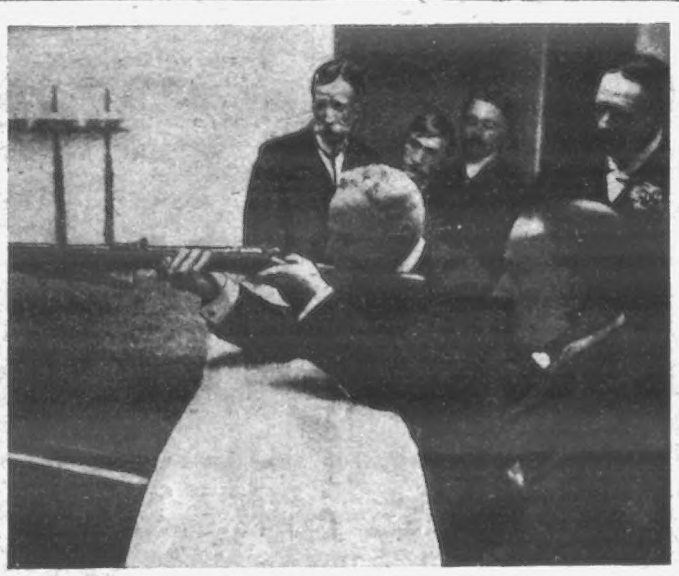
OUR ROYAL GUESTS
The King of Denmark, who is visiting England this week.—[*Photo. Elfelt.*

MOTOR CYCLE TOURIST TROPHY.
Mr. C. P. Collier, the winner of the race which took in the Isle of Man last week.

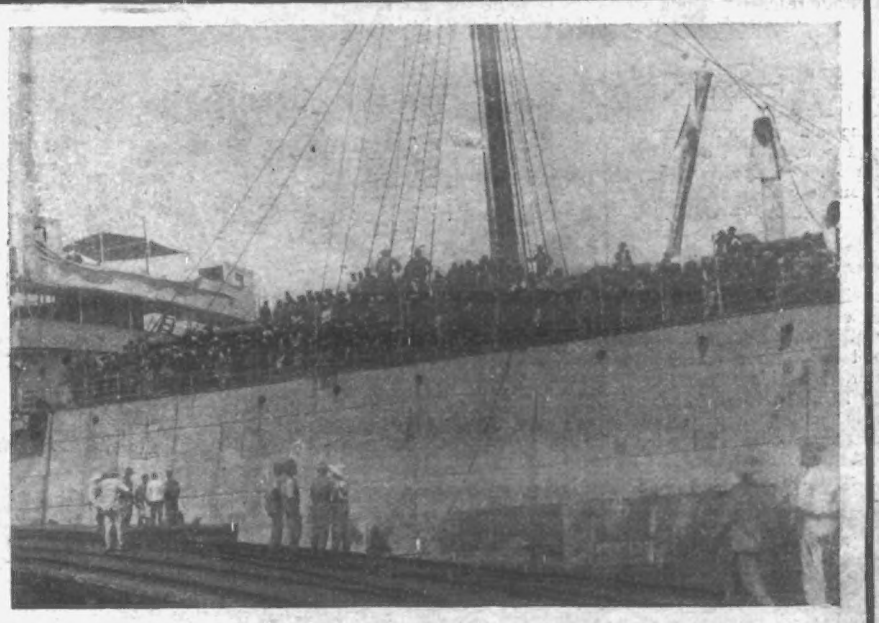
OUR ROYAL GUESTS.
The Queen of Denmark, who arrives with her husband in England this week.
Photo. Elfelt.

A VETERAN ACTOR.
Mr. Fred Wright sen., the father of those clever comedians Fred and Huntley Wright.

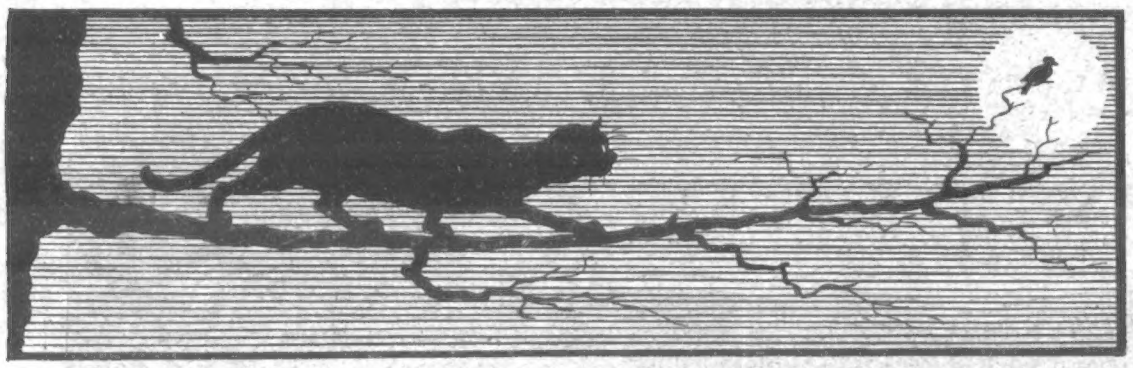
SUNDAY MORNING SHOPPING.
A typical Sunday morning scene in the East End of London.



LORD ROBERTS AT THE BATH CLUB.
Lord Roberts opening a new rifle range at the Bath Club.



COOLIE RAILWAY WORKERS ARRIVE IN AFRICA.
The s.s. "Berwick Castle" landing 2000 Indian coolies for railway work.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

Reciprocated.

"Sarah," said Mr. Imeson to his wife, as he entered the house with a huge package in his arms, "you remember last week, when you secured such a wonderful bargain in shirts at eighteenpence and neckties at three for a shilling for me?"

"Yes, John," replied Mrs. Imeson.

"Well, don't think I didn't appreciate your thoughtfulness. See, I have bought something for you. I noticed some beautiful green-and-yellow plaid dress material in a shop-window on my way home, and bought you eighty yards of it at twopence a yard. The shopman said it was a great bargain, and it will make enough dresses to last you two years."

But Mrs. Imeson had collapsed.

Airs and Graces.

America's belles in our streets and squares,
We look in their pretty faces,
And pardon all their millionaires
For the sake of their million graces.
—*Referee.*

Unsuccessful.

Keyes: "Why are you so miserable?"

Mayes: "I tried to economise by marrying my typist; now she refuses to do any more typewriting, insists on having two servants to wait on her, and declares that my next secretary must be a man, although men want at least twice the salaries that women do. That's economy!"

At His Pleasure.

An English gentleman who has spent many years in the East gives the following instance of the politeness of the Hindoo.

He was travelling in a motor-car, and paused to inquire the way of an intelligent-looking native. The following conversation ensued—

"Is it far to Gilgit?"

"Not so far, your highness."

"One or two miles?"

"Yes, your highness."

"Isn't it three?"

"It may be, your highness."

"Is that what it is?"

"It may be five or six, your highness."

"Then why did you say it was one or two?"

"To please your highness."

"Now, what is the real distance?"

"Whatever your highness pleases."—*Penny Magazine.*

Scene: A suburban front garden.—The ball has gone over the wall, and the batsman has gone round to inquire. Irate parent: "How dare you have the cheek to come and ask for your ball back when you nearly killed one of my children with it?" Youth with the bat: "But you've got ten children, an' we've only got one ball!"—*Globe.*

Well Qualified.

As a recruiting-sergeant strolled one morning into a thoroughfare much frequented by his fellow-officers as a particularly good ground for recruits, he positively started, as his eye fell upon a huge young fellow, evidently from the country, slowly spelling his way through a coloured poster presenting the "advantages of the Army to the public." In a trice the sergeant was at the giant's elbow.

"You're meant for the Guards, my lad, if ever a man was," he said, "That's what a fine fellow like you was born for."

"I dunno, sargint," said the big yokel, doubtfully; "the Guards ain't my fancy."

"Oh, well, what would you like to join?" said the sergeant.

"The Medical Corpse," replied the would-be soldier. "I think I'd get on better in the Medicals, 'cos I uster be groom to a doctor."—*Chums.*

Enlightened.

A street vocalist was unharmoniously pursuing his slow progress through a village, when a youth came to the door of a carpenter's shed and beckoned to him. The singer went briskly across the road.

"I'll give you tuppence if you'll stay in the shed and sing until I come back from the inn. I'm dyin' of thirst," said the youth.

"Right you are. But can't I stay 'ere without singin'?" said the tramp.

"No, no, that wouldn't do," hastily replied the youth. "I want you to sing so as my boss—'e's only in the other shed down there at the foot of the garden—will think I'm 'ere all the time."

"All right. 'Urry back," said the tramp, bursting into song.

The carpenter's thirsty apprentice darted away to the inn, and soon returned and handed the tramp his fee.

"S'pose my voice is the same as yours, and your boss wouldn't twig the diff'rence, eh?" remarked the tramp, as he turned to go on his way.

"It's the same as my saw's," grinned the 'prentice, beginning to saw away for dear life, "and the boss wouldn't know no diff'rence."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Winifred was Called

The news that morning was particularly interesting, and the passenger was congratulating himself on having secured an empty carriage, so that he could read his paper in peace. But at the next station there entered a widow and a little girl of three.

Without any such ceremony as an introduction, the little girl immediately attached herself to the man with the paper, and, while her mother beamed her approval, she plied the unhappy victim with the usual array of childish and unanswerable questions.

He had done his best by assuring her that he wore whiskers to keep his face warm, that it was the train that moved and not the telegraph posts; but there were limits, and the patience of the tormented passenger soon reached them.

"Madam," he said, "what do you call your charming little girl?"

"I call her Winifred," said the widow, as she smiled sweetly and lowered her eyes.

"Then I should be much obliged if you would call her," said the man; and on sped the train, with never a jar or a jolt.—*Answers.*

BOUND TO PLEASE.

THE MOURNFUL ACTOR (?): "And what's my new part like? Any chance of pleasing the audience?"

THE FLIPPANT STAGE MANAGER: "Why, rather—you die in the first act."

For Business Reasons.

A caller at a boarding-house was surprised to see a fine whippet dog lying outside the kitchen door.

"I didn't know you had a dog," he said. "He's a beautiful animal. How long have you had him?"

"Two or three years."

"How does it happen I have never seen him before?"

"We don't allow him to leave the back yard," replied the proprietress, with emphasis. "What kind of an advertisement would it be for a boarding-house to have a creature as lean as that dog is walking about in front of it?"

The Hint Polite.

The visitor had dropped in "just for a minute," but she remained about three hours after the minute was up.

Little Freddie had formed several plans, the execution of which must be postponed till the departure of his mother's guest; so he sat quietly thinking things.

"Dear little man!" gushed the visitor. "And what is he thinking about so deeply?"

"I was wondering if it wasn't time for you to be going," said Freddie.

"Hush!" said his mother. Then, turning to her guest: "You mustn't be offended, Mrs. Smith. Children will go blurting out the truth without thinking; but they don't mean anything by it."

Strangely enough, it was just then that Mrs. Smith recollected that she had only three minutes in which to catch the last car home.—*Answers.*

Didn't Like the Taste.

He found his hair was leaving the top of his head, and took his barber to task about it.

"You sold me two bottles of stuff to make this hair grow."

"It's very strange it won't grow again," interrupted the barber. "I can't understand it."

"Well, look here," said the man, "I don't mind drinking another bottle, but this must be the last."—*London Opinion.*

Not One Missed.

Some years ago a distinguished American soldier had occasion to travel to X., a town in a very wild part of the United States. The road was rough, and the reckless driving of the man holding the reins made it seem rougher, but the passenger compressed his lips and clung to the seat without complaint.

When they were nearly at their destination the General said curtly—

"Driver, turn around."

"What?" exclaimed the astonished driver.

"Do as I tell you," commanded the other. So the man turned the horses about and started back again.

"Now turn here," ordered the passenger, after they had driven a few yards, Convinced that the General had suddenly lost his mind, the driver turned about once more and started for X.

"There!" exclaimed the General, in a tone of satisfaction, as the side-wheels struck a stone and he bounded into the air. "You hit it! Now, driver, you can go back and tell them that you drove seventy-five miles and never missed a stone. You've hit them, every one."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

But.

A story is told of a business man who advertised for an office-boy. He received over one hundred replies. Out of these he selected ten, and with the writers of these ten replies he had a personal interview.

His final choice fell upon a bright youth, to whom he said—

"My boy, I like your appearance and your manner very much. I think you may do for the place. Did you bring a character?"

"No, Sir," said the boy, "but I can go home and get it."

"Very well; come back to-morrow morning with it, and if it is satisfactory I daresay I shall engage you."

Late that same afternoon the merchant was surprised by the return of the candidate.

"Well," he said cheerily, "have you got your character?"

"No," answered the boy, "but I've got yours—an' I ain't coming!"—*Chums.*

What He Shuddered at.

Beggar (asking alms): "If you don't give me something to save me from starving I shall be driven to do something I shudder to think of."

Lady (sympathetically): "And what is that, my poor man?"

Beggar: "Work!"

Quits.

First Boy: "Ah, but my father's been in America, and yours hasn't."

Second Boy: "Well, what of that? My father's been in gaol, and yours hasn't; so we're quits!"

THE EVICTIONS OF PEASANTS BY POLICE IN IRELAND.

A DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY MARCHING INTO KILMACOWEN,
Where the first evictions took place. Rain fell all the time.

A GROUP OF EVICTED TENANTS ON THE HEATH IN CO. CORK.
Over 300 police were drafted into the district to put down any rioting that might ensue.

WORKHOUSE BATHS AT £14 EACH.

WHEN the Local Government Board inquiry was resumed on Monday, Mr. Albert E. Gough, architect of the Hammersmith Workhouse, made some astounding admissions concerning the allegations of extravagance which have been levelled against the Guardians.

He was cross-examined by Mr. Robb, who appears for the Ratepayers' Association. He admitted that he had not placed the plans of the alterations and additions before the Guardians before proceeding with the work. He took a free hand in the matter.

"Did not this happen," asked Mr. Robb, "that the Local Government Board intimated that the cost of the original scheme must be reduced, and in order to secure their approval certain things were cut out, and when the approval of the Local Government Board was secured, you put all these things back as 'extras'?"

Mr. Gough's reply to this serious allegation was "Certainly not."

With reference to the £836 spent on the opening ceremony, he said the amount was dealt with in his certificate, as has been done "hundreds and hundreds of times."

"As a result of dealing with it in that way," said the Inspector, "the builder gets 10 per cent. commission, the quantity surveyor 2½, and you 4 per cent., making 16½ per cent. in all?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Gough replied. "I see the point, but I never took that view before."

"How came you as an architect and a man of position to pass an account of £836 for the opening ceremony, and issue your certificate?" Mr. Robb asked.—"It is the usual thing."

"THE USUAL THING."

"Is it the usual thing to hoodwink the auditor?"—"There was no hoodwinking."

"What possible means has the Local Government Board auditor of going behind your certificate and ascertaining the real nature of the transaction?"—"I see it now."

"And you realise it is an absolutely improper payment to have made?"

To this question there was no reply.

"If there were any hoodwinking of the Local Government Board auditor the Guardians were privy to it?"—"I suppose so."

Mr. Gough was then questioned about the turret and clock tower on the administrative block, and said: "It showed the time over the whole site."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Robb, "for the benefit of the warders and convicts at the prison next door?"—"Yes, and the railway company on the other side and the inmates and staff of the house."

A THOUSAND POUND CLOCK.

"Would the omission of the turret and clock costing a thousand pounds have impaired the efficiency of the building?"—"Yes, I think it would."

Another item referred to was fifty-nine porcelain baths at £14 each, exclusive of profit, carriage, and fixing. They were chosen by a committee of the Guardians.

"Could you not get a suitable bath of enamel at £7?" Mr. Robb asked.—"Yes; but enamel wears off."

"But doesn't porcelain split?"—"Not the best porcelain."

"And nothing but the best porcelain is suitable for the lucky inhabitants of Hammersmith Workhouse?" Mr. Robb retorted. "You paid three times as much for baths for the paupers as the small householder—the man who pays for the paupers—can afford to spend on a bath for himself."

Then Mr. Robb asked for an explanation of the £1000 spent on coal for warming the building before it was taken over.

Mr. Gough said he did not think it was a very large item considering the size of the building, and the period that the coal was spread over.

"You have charged your 4 per cent. commission?"—"Yes."

"And the surveyor his 2 per cent. commission?"—"Yes."

"And the contractors their 10 per cent.?"—"I don't think they charged on that item."

The inquiry was again adjourned.

A TYPICAL IRISH HOMESTEAD.
This is actually one of the cottages situated on the side of a bleak, wind-swept mountain, from which the tenants were evicted.

THE TROUBLE IN INDIA.

THE police have arrested the agitator Ajit Singh, who has hitherto evaded the deportation warrant granted against him. He was brought into Lahore on Monday morning, and, after being officially interrogated, was deported to Mandalay.

The Governor-General, in a resolution in Council, published on Monday, stated that he had no desire to restrict the legitimate liberty of the Press, but is unable to tolerate the publication of writings tending to arouse the disorderly elements of society and inciting to concerted action against the Government.

His Excellency declared previous orders on the subject superseded, and empowered the local governments to institute prosecutions in all cases of wilful infringement of the law.

A CHINESE BATTLE.

MANY conflicting reports are in circulation regarding the result of the recent battle between Amoy and Swatow. The natives declare that the Imperial troops were defeated, whereas the Chinese officials say that the rebels were severely beaten.

The rebel chief is a man named Soon Ween, who was educated in Japan, and is a most able leader, and regarded as a very dangerous man. Being short of arms, he is adopting guerilla tactics. Swatow is quiet, but the neighbouring country is very disturbed, and missionaries of all denominations are coming into Swatow.

A New and Thrilling Mystery-Story, by the celebrated Fergus Hume, will start shortly in the "P.I.P."

A TENANT BEING EVICTED BY THE POLICE.
There would probably have been great disorder but for the large force of police.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

CONSTABLES ENTERING A HOUSE TO EVICT.
The tenant is seen emerging from the door, and outside is the last piece of furniture to be removed.

FAMOUS REGIMENTS No. 6
ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

"THE FOUR-WHEELED HUSSARS."

NORMAN RAMSEY SAVING HIS GUNS AT FUENTES D'ONORO.

THE CHESTNUT BATTERY.

CROSSING A RIVER WITHOUT PONTOONS

ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

This famous corps seems to have been first raised about the time of Henry VIII., but up to 1716 they were apparently disbanded at the close of each campaign. The mottoes of the corps, "Ubique" (Everywhere), and "Quo fas et gloria ducunt" (Whither Right and Glory lead us), may be taken as true indices of their battle honours. for it is obvious that the Artillery have seen every engagement, and it may fitly be said that they share the honours with every other regiment.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

The Conjurer and the Chinaman.

Mr. Horace Goldin, the famous illusionist, who is appearing with great success at the Palace Theatre, relates an amusing incident which occurred to him whilst visiting the Chinese Theatre in San Francisco. The performance was the adjourned act of a play that had been started a month before; in the lobby were a lot of Chinese pedlars selling sweetmeats, oranges and other fruits. Goldin made a dead set at the orange man, a thin-faced, avaricious-looking fellow, who wore a queue about five feet long. Goldin bought an orange and cut it open. With an exclamation of delighted surprise, his eyes sparkling and his face lit up with smiles, he drew a five-dollar gold piece out of the pulp and held it up so that the Chinaman could see it. The latter's eyes bulged from their sockets, and a pained look of disappointment crossed his expressionless face. Goldin bought three more oranges, and from each he drew a shining fiver. By this time the perspiration rolled in beads down the Chinaman's face, and he gathered up his stock, muttering to himself. When Goldin wanted to buy another half-dozen, the Chinaman refused to sell them. "I'll give you one dollar (four shillings) for them," said Goldin. The price was only ten cents, but the Chinaman was tired of giving away gold pieces. "Me no wantee sellee," he said shrilly. A few minutes later he retired into a corner, and with the air of a conspirator he began to cut up the oranges. One after another they went, and his look of disappointment became darker and darker as the magic gold pieces failed to appear. So tragic did the man look when the last one had gone, that Goldin had to give him one dollar to prevent him committing suicide.

Mr. Rubens' New Play

Mr. Paul Rubens, back from his holiday in the south of France, is now "thinking over" "The Hoyden," which he and Mr. Austin Hurgon are writing for Mr. Charles Frohman. This next season in New York, says a writer in the *Evening Standard*, will be a "Rubens season"—"The Dairymaids," "Miss Hook of Holland," and "Miss Hoyden" will all be there. Mr. Huntley Wright goes out to appear in Mr. Dan Rolyat's part of Joe Mivvens in "The Dairymaids." "Miss Hoyden" is a piece in two acts, with two scenes in the second act. The "book" is by Mr. Rubens and Mr. Hurgon, and the music by Mr. Rubens and Mr. Frank Tours. The story is a domestic one, and the heroine's part is highly "romantic." "Some of the papers," says Mr. Rubens, "have been good enough to credit us with having given a good 'lead' in 'Miss Hook,' and in various quarters our efforts appear to have borne fruit. In this connection, however, it appears to me unfortunate that whenever one gets in with a certain element of novelty there is always the danger of that particular vein being overworked. The result is that the commodity is cheapened, and it is bad for us all. However," adds Mr. Rubens, "it is pleasant to find that one's success has been good enough to emulate, and one must take the rough with the smooth. With regard to one play which I had sketched out, with a 'Havana' *locale*, I should like to say that, having seen in your columns that my friend Mr. George Edwardes contemplates a musical comedy with the plot laid in that place, I have decided to change the venue of my piece. It is, however, pigeon-holed for the time being. I am busy in Norway."

ACTRESS'S ESCAPE.

WHILE making a motor trip from London to Richmond Miss Kitty Gordon, the actress, was shot at by an unknown assailant. Three shots were fired, but happily all missed their mark.

The scene of this extraordinary outrage was Star Hill, at a spot a few hundred yards from the famous Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond. Captain Beresford was driving the car. He ran back to the spot where the firing had occurred, but the assailant had disappeared.

Photo. Lallie Charles.

MISS KITTY GORDON, SHOT AT.

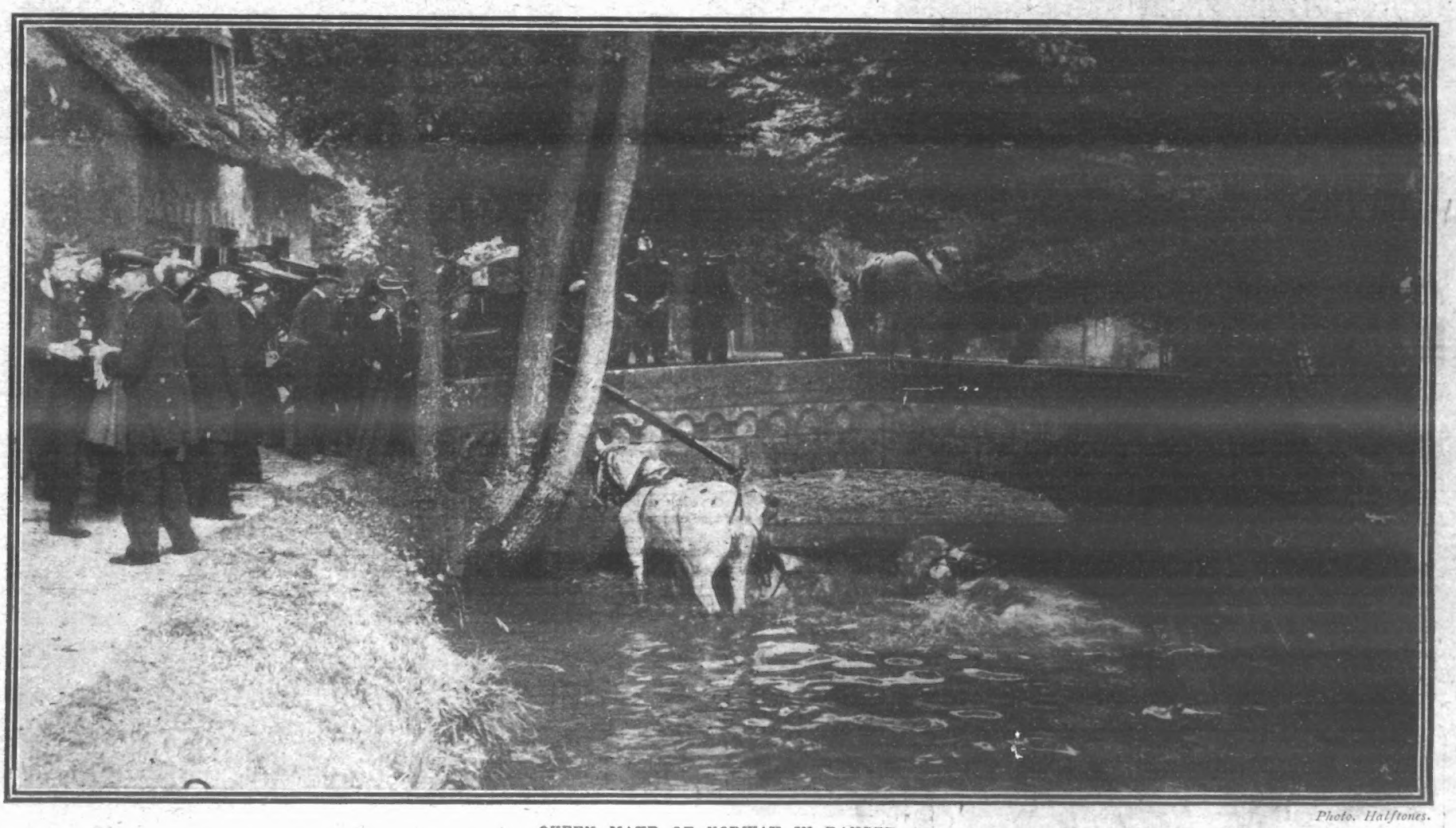


Photo. Halftones.

QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY IN DANGER.

When driving with the wife of the French President near Versailles last week, the Queen of Norway had a narrow escape from serious injury, if not death, as when near a bridge the horses attached to the carriage bolted. Fortunately the carriage struck against the parapet, but the horses went over into the stream. Our photograph was taken immediately after the accident.

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International Tourist Trophy Race, won by E. Courtis on a 20-h.p. Rover car fitted with DUNLOPS.

International Heavy Touring Car Race, won by G. P. Mills on a 30-h.p. Beeston-Humber fitted with DUNLOPS.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

The Importance of a Black Costume.

THE woman who does not possess at least one black dress in her wardrobe has not mastered the art of dressing well, and the more limited the dress-allowance the more necessary it is to have a costume of this description. Whether it be a coat and skirt, an evening dress, a black silk, or thin material for afternoon wear, or even a blouse and skirt, its possibilities are endless. To begin with, almost any black costume may be relied on to last about two years, for best and second-best wear, as it does not carry date in the same way as a colour, and, on the other hand, lends itself kindly to renovations. A black silk or voile skirt may reappear season after season, in fact as long as it will hang together, without exciting unfavourable comment, for, after all, it is such a useful and necessary garment that even when thrown aside it is bound to be replaced at once by another skirt to all intents and purposes similar. The style and texture of the material remain in all probability the same; it is only the fashion which differs, and in black wear this difference is never so striking as in other costumes which frequently depend upon contrasts in trimming for their success.

The Charm of a Black Muslin.

A black muslin can never fail to be a good investment for summer wear. It looks suitable on every occasion, no matter what the climatic conditions may be, and in the winter a black muslin will often come in very useful for home evening wear, when a white or coloured muslin would look distinctly out of place. The matron, too, can pin her faith to a black muslin and not be disappointed. Plentifully inset with lace, and worn over a white slip, it looks smart indeed. It is remarkable how quickly quite an ordinary black or white toilette will put a really smart coloured one into the shade. It seems as if the very best cut and material are required in a coloured robe before it will take palm of elegance from a cheap and simple black one.

A Vogue in Grey.

Not for many years have black and white, grey, and grey and white been so popular. Succeeding to the period of national mourning there was quite an era of gay colours. Now, however, these subdued shades are among the most popular of striped materials, more especially as they lend themselves so well to the little taffetas coatees which are among the smartest novelties of the season. A silver grey tint in either a broad or narrow stripe with a pleated skirt and a bodice achieving a kimono effect by means of lace bretelles edged with heliotrope silk, offers one of the prettiest combinations. Any bright-coloured taffetas is suitable as a coatee for wear with a pleated striped skirt in black or grey and white, and a peculiar shade of bright mauve has been exploited with considerable success. Royal blue, chestnut brown, and vivid green have also been utilised. The trimming usually takes the form of bias bands of striped black-and-white silk. Strappings of striped voile in pale colours are also effective under some circumstances.

Photos. Bassano.

EDNA MAY'S £1000 TROUSSEAU.

On Tuesday last Miss Edna May ceased to exist, and in her place blossomed Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, for the well-known actress was married on that day at Windsor. Her trousseau is one of the most elaborate ever planned, and is said to have cost more than a thousand pounds. On the left we show the bride in a simple river costume, and on the right in a more elaborate walking-dress.

For Fair, Fresh, and Forty.

Dresses of all-over net or lace will be again much worn this season. For a matron nothing could be more elegant than an under-dress of white glacé, covered with fine spotted black net, with a bodice showing a vest of tucked white net and lace under-sleeves, both vest and sleeves relieved at neck and wrists by faint touches of mauve. The bodice should have bands of net laid over the shoulders to simulate a fichu effect, and the skirt may be decorated by three flounces, with about 12 in. space between. A mauve slip would be almost as successful as a white, while a black-and-white spotted muslin, with mauve ribbon bretelles and waistband, could be made up over an old glacé silk underskirt, and would be charming wear for summer parties. With this or any similar costume, a matron might wear to advantage a soft black crinoline hat, with black satin ribbon for trimming, and a long sweeping feather, black or white, or a wreath of pretty flowers nestling underneath and on the brim.

Tomato and Potato Salad.

Housekeepers have learnt one valuable lesson when they realise the importance of always having good vegetables and fruit in the daily menu, and that macaroni, sago, rice, and other grain foods, also lentils, haricot, and other beans, are both cheap and very nutritious. Here is yet another tomato recipe, which will be found excellent for luncheon or supper eaten with cold meat. Take a few good-sized tomatoes, some cold boiled potatoes (the new ones are excellent for the purpose), some pepper, salt, vinegar, and salad-oil. Slice both tomatoes and potatoes into a bowl, with a little onion or beetroot if liked. Finally shake over the salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of oil and vinegar, and mix well.

Three Ways of Using Lettuce.

Lettuces will now be plentiful, and should be made the most of by the careful housewife. Not every cook knows that a lettuce may be made to serve three distinct purposes. The part that the inside leaves or heart plays in a salad is too well known to enlarge upon, but these crisp inner leaves are particularly good if eaten with brown sugar and vinegar, as a change from the more usual salad-oil or dressing. When preparing a lettuce it should be first of all divided into four, and well washed in water into which a little common salt has been dissolved. The outer leaves may be reserved for the stock-pot, as they make capital flavouring for soup. The middle leaves can be boiled, and will be found delicious served as a vegetable. Lastly, the yellow heart may be converted into a salad.

Ecru Starch for Old Curtains.

White lace curtains which have been washed so often that they refuse to come a good colour any more may be renovated by dipping in ecru starch. This will provide them with just the necessary amount of stiffness, and the colouring matter will also greatly improve their appearance. A sufficient quantity to starch several pairs of curtains can be obtained for a few pence. It is simple and easy to use, and the tint can be regulated according to fancy.

To Frost Window Panes.

A cheap yet effectual frosting for the bath-room is made as follows. Dissolve a quantity of Epsom salts in vinegar, making as strong a solution as possible. Apply this to the inside panes of the window, going over it several times. When it is thoroughly dry, give it a coat of white varnish. The same method will be found useful to adopt in the case of small windows to pantries and larders, where a blind or curtain would be inconvenient, and yet where protection from the sun is necessary.

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

NOW IS THE TIME TO PUT AWAY YOUR FURS AND BLANKETS, and now is the hour to well sprinkle them with Keating's Powder, otherwise they may be totally destroyed by Moth. KEATING'S is unrivalled in absolutely destroying Moth. Clean in use. Has no objectionable smell. Tins, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Bellows (full), 9d.—ADVT.

SWEET THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES.

Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, in another simple summer dress, looks pensive as she thinks of all the friends to whom she has said farewell. The *P.I.P.* wishes her all happiness in the future.

THE DRESS FOR THE RESTAURANT.

The dress in which Mrs. Lewisohn is depicted was designed especially for dining in restaurants. It is of green chiffon, embroidered with coral. The tiara will be worn with it.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

JUNE 8 TO 14.—My garden plans this week differ very little from those of last, but the month of June is a busy one out of doors, and the items on the programme are certainly numerous. Among the humdrum tasks the earthing up of potatoes stands out prominently, and my method is to do two or three rows at a time to break monotony. By the way, runner-beans are benefited if a little earth be drawn up to them with a hoe in the same way as one treats peas. I am having a further sowing of runner-bean seed this week, and there will be some more lettuce-seed going in in the kitchen-garden for a late crop, and probably another lot of turnip. This week I shall be planting out some tomatoes against a warm southerly wall; I have had the plants indoors in pots for some time, not caring to risk frost in the open before, and I am bedding out further cauliflower plantlings. Though I am not quite prepared myself, I would remind my readers that leeks and celery may now be planted out, allowing plenty of room both between the plants and from row to row. In the flower-garden there is much wanting attention, apart from the regular jobs of weeding, stirring the soil surface, cutting and rolling the lawn, and so on. The annuals as they grow will probably need further thinning out, and much training and supporting must be done to ensure not only neatness, but also complete satisfaction. Roses will want constant attention, and now is an excellent time to give food to the roots. Ordinary manure makes too great a litter, and I invariably give occasional siftings of some good fertiliser, that watering or the rain may well wash in. It will soon be time to sow seed for next year's herbaceous and other plants—Canterbury bells, wallflowers, foxgloves, delphiniums, lupins, hollyhocks, etc.—and I daresay you will this week be studying seedsmen's lists for new varieties, as I myself am doing. I will describe my method of sowing these seeds next week.

My Garden Plans.

Speaking of insects—and my readers' letters of inquiry daily remind me of pests of all kinds—to some extent the better worked and cultivated a garden is, the fewer the destructive fly, worm, and so on. For example, wireworm invariably gets a hold on ground that is out of use, and green fly is more apparent in a weedy, badly trained rose. Vigorous, lusty, well-grown plants and well-tilled ground, in short, are the best insurance against pests. Dealing with roses specially for the moment, caterpillars are a common nuisance, and are best dealt with by hand-picking; green fly, on the other hand, to be effectually destroyed, must be attacked with syringe and soapy water, or, better still, some good insecticide. Slugs and snails are best and easiest caught by hand in the evening after rain, and for underground insect pests the hop-growers' plan of "turnip-dodging" is as good as any. This consists of placing a piece of turnip in the ground near the root of the hop-plant, allowing it to remain for a time, and then removing and destroying it with the insect it contains. This plan is equally effective in the ordinary garden as in the hop-fields, and carrot is quite as serviceable as turnip for the purpose. Never destroy the ladybird, which is of the utmost value in the garden. Ants are "doubtfuls"; true, they devour green-fly (or are supposed to), but they will raid ripe fruit, and at the time of writing they have laid siege to my domestic larder. The only plan is to trace out their nest and flood it with boiling water. Other remedies are to burn straw over their nest, to smother the paths they infest with tar and to lay camphor near the places they frequent. Provided they restrict their energies to the garden and leave the house alone, I think, on the whole, ants are best left undisturbed.

Ants—and Other Insects.

Poultry manure can seldom be collected in sufficient quantity to be marketable, but if kept and treated in the right way it becomes of great value in the garden and is very rich and strong. A good plan is to have a special tub or receptacle of some kind in which the manure may be collected and dried, being afterwards scattered very lightly over the ground. Another idea is to mix a little poultry manure with sifted ashes, and this makes an excellent dressing for clay and similar heavy soils. I have heard many an old-fashioned gardener recommend this mixture, especially for onion-beds.

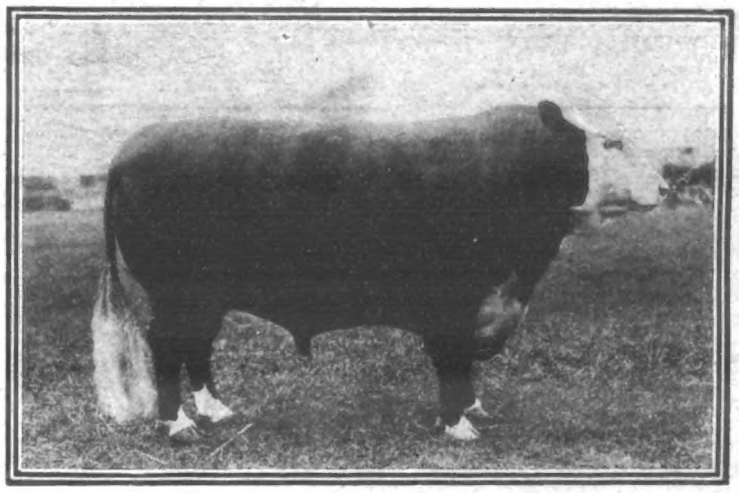
Poultry Manure.

As your rows of potatoes show up, and when the stalks are reasonably advanced you will need to commence the earthing-up process, and the greatest care should be exercised so that the stalks themselves are not mutilated. My own plan is to stand astride over the row, and with a hoe draw the soil towards the green growth and upwards. There is a great knack and a good deal of experience needed to perform this seemingly simple garden task, and good substantial ridges are essential to ensure a heavy crop. My favourite tool for the work is a deep 5 in. hoe, which I use *sideways*, drawing the soil with the corner as it were. By the way, it is by no means too late for sowing maincrop potatoes, particularly in such a backward season as the present one, and I have dug excellent crops from seed sown at the end of May.

The Potato Crop.

It is an excellent plan to grow runner beans in boxes and transplant them against the poles they are to climb; and now is the best time for the work to be done. Any grocer will supply suitable boxes, which should be fairly deep on account of the long tap-root the bean sends down. Make up the bottom of the box with broken pieces of flower-pot, and then sift in sandy, rich soil, sowing the beans two inches apart and about the same depth. Many gardeners soak their seed for twenty-four hours before planting, to start germination, and the practice is commendable. Growing beans in boxes will, firstly, see the plants safely past the slug stage; and, secondly, ensure that there are no blanks in the rows. Further, they may thus be taken indoors, and preserved from probable late frosts. Beans in boxes must be kept moderately moist, though the amateur is apt to err in giving too much water.

Beans in Boxes.



THE ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW AT MAIDENHEAD: THE KING'S HEREFORD BULL ADMIRAL, FIRST PRIZE.

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

WALTER HUSBANDS.—Too early yet to take up your shallots. I will describe the process in detail in due course.

K. THOMSON (Montrose).—Dahlias need a light, rich soil, with plenty of manure; and young plantlings should have some protection given them during their first few nights out of doors, particularly if the wind is cold.

H. WHEELER (who recently re-planted some six-feet privet).—I should advise you to give the privet plenty of time to re-root firmly before cutting. Give some manure now, and cut right down to 2 ft. 6 in. or 3 ft. in July. The new shoots will then loam and harden before winter sets in.

J. WALTON (Bexley).—I am afraid you have vermin in your poultry-houses. Get some good insect-destroyer, and treat every hole and corner. This is the worst month for insects, and such desperate cases need desperate remedies.

A. P. SHAW (Exeter).—No, it is not altogether too late, though you must plant both ranunculus and anemone well in the shade if they are to flower at all.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct. Address inquiries to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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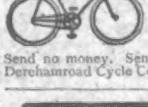

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The woman with beautiful hair is the woman who is always the centre of attraction and, it must be said, the envied of her sisters. The man who keeps his hair in health, and possesses a full share of this natural adornment, is the man whom all his fellows admire. There is no question that in the matter of personal appearance the hair plays an important part, for, putting the case in the reverse light, as soon as the hair begins to fall from the head, loses colour, or becomes broken, an appearance of age is at once given to the face.

Once these facts are appreciated by most people, the one great trouble is to know how to keep the hair in health and beauty, and, when it loses its pristine freshness, how to restore the same, and what preparations to use for this purpose.

It is really quite painful to think of the many absurd ideas that people have in regard to the hair. Although this is the most delicate part, it is subject to the most serious ill-usage. Preparations are applied to the hair which are not only useless, but, unfortunately, in many cases exceedingly harmful. Occasionally we hear friends recommending amongst themselves grandmotherly ideas and recipes that have for the basis of their utility simple superstition.

There is, however, a greater trouble than this, and that is the modern concoctions that enterprising people, with no knowledge of this complex subject, but nevertheless backed by money, are endeavouring to force on those whose misfortune it is to suffer from hair troubles. It is, of course, difficult for the average person to choose a hair tonic that can be relied upon, and the only test on which the choice can be made is that of public appreciation and recommendation by usage.

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The proprietors of "Harlene" have decided that there shall be given an opportunity for every person, no matter in what station or class of life, to test without any cost or without the imposing of any obligation, the merits of "Harlene."

As the best method of doing this, they have decided to send, free of charge, a special free trial bottle. This special trial bottle will easily show the effect of this preparation on the hair, and the proprietors of "Harlene" feel confident that there are many classes of people to whom this offer is of special value, introducing to them, as it does, a natural and valuable hair tonic, which, if persevered with, will serve to remedy the most serious hair ailments.

"Harlene," unlike many of the so-called curative preparations placed on the market, is a hair tonic of real value, and has been recommended for use by medical men. Its effect on the hair is almost instantaneous, and even a few applications will serve to restore the natural beauty and healthy condition. In cases of baldness, "Harlene" stands without rival as a restorative agent, and in cases where practically every vestige of hair has disappeared, after the use of this tonic new hairs have been seen to grow. In cases of dry scalp, dull hair, greyness, and falling hair, it can be safely recommended to all that "Harlene" is the most valuable preparation to use.

THE SPECIAL FREE OFFER.

It is the earnest wish of the proprietors of "Harlene" that every reader of the "Penny Illustrated Paper" shall take an early opportunity of writing for the special free bottle. All applications should be addressed to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C., and with each letter, giving name and address, three stamps must be sent to cover cost of return postage to any part of the world (foreign stamps accepted).

Already several thousands of applications have been received for these special free trial bottles, but the proprietors are continuing their splendid offer, in order that every man and woman may be enabled to check any hair trouble from which they might be suffering. This opportunity of obtaining hair treatment free is quite unique, and certainly reflects great enterprise on the part of the inaugurators.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that "Harlene" is stocked by all chemists, and is sold in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. There is, however, no need to purchase right away, for, as stated above, it may be tested free. The proprietors of "Harlene" are naturally proud of the many unique testimonials they have received as to the value of their preparation, and a selection is here given. Perhaps the most important is that of Dr. George Jones, who says:—"I have examined and practically proved that 'Harlene' is not only an excellent grower, but is also a preventive against the loss of hair from falling out, and produces a luxuriant growth by continued application."

This testimony coming from so distinguished a scientist, is likely to confirm the public confidence in a valuable remedy. The following three testimonials received from members of Royal Households are certainly interesting:

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE writes: "Messrs. Edwards' preparation, 'Harlene' for the hair, has given entire satisfaction."

H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA writes: "Please send at once six bottles of 'Harlene,' the same as formerly sent to H.I.H. when Princess Marie of Greece."

PRINCESS ANNA HOHENLOHE writes: "'Harlene' has given me great satisfaction; therefore, please send by return six more bottles."

Testimonials from public people, our leading actors and actresses, and others, have been received in thousands, and many columns could be filled by quotations from these eulogistic letters.

It may be mentioned that, in addition to being a tonic restorative, "Harlene" is a toilet luxury that all will appreciate. It is pleasant to use, and combines with its tonic properties a delicate, cooling sensation and healthy fragrance. Whilst once again urging readers of this journal to write for the special free trial bottle, a strong word of caution should be given against neglecting the troubles that affect the hair. Indeed, many a bald head could have been avoided by a little careful attention in early life. "Harlene" is no trouble to use, and it is not objectionably greasy. Indeed, its users say that the morning application of "Harlene" is a delight they would not miss. A personal visit at the Head Offices of Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6, High Holborn, London, W.C., will obviate the postage expense, for if the special free trial bottle is called for, no charge whatever is made. This offer of a special free trial bottle may be accepted by any person in any part of the world.

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